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ELINOR PRESTON;

OR,

SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(Continued from our last.)

When this parting was over all the rest was easy. Hampton was sorry to part with George because the droll fellow had made a great parade of compassionating his infirmities, and was in the habit of condoling with him on the hard necessity which confined him to so poor a regimen.

"Good-bye, Mr. Preston! good-bye!" said he, "I regret that we must part company soon. Should we ever meet again—and I have my doubts about that in my present state of health—I hope to be better able to enjoy life. Were I of a more robust constitution, I should certainly travel northward with you and Miss Elinor, for I have a sort of notion that the bracing northern air would be just the thing to suit me. But of course *now* that is out of the question. I have a sister here in New York who will take good care of the poor invalid. Good-bye, once more, and my best wishes go with you!"

"Confound the good-natured *bosthoon*," said George with a burst of exuberant mirth, after Hampton was out of hearing, "he looks the very picture of health and strength. I do believe he might face either the polar ice or the tropical sun, without the smallest apprehension. If you only saw that fellow, Elinor! as I have seen him, hard at work at a dish of rare beef-steak, admitting the while that the sea air gave him *something* of an appetite, then you might talk of eating. You wouldn't wonder either at the coat of fat he has on him. But I forgot to tell you that Mrs. White's girl—Margaret I think you call her—is in the next room waiting to see you."

"Waiting to see me! why, I thought she was half-way to Boston by this time with her father—you know he met her at the wharf."

"I know he did, but it's pretty clear that they haven't started yet. I'm going out now to try and find our friend Mulligan—he is partner in a large wholesale house in Pearl street. If I find him, he will, of course, show us the city—that is, unless he has lost his good-nature—if not, we must do the best we can!"

When Margaret made her appearance I was perfectly astonished, and her first words were not at all calculated to enlighten me. "You see I have come back to *you*, after all, Miss Preston! an' if you'll only take me with you wherever you're goin', I'll not ask a penny of wages, and I'll work for you night an' day."

"Why, Margaret, I don't understand you at all. I thought you were gone home with your father to Boston!"

"Home!" she repeated, with bitter emphasis, "he has no home for *me*—he has a second wife, it seems, an' it's what he said to me, 'Maggie! your mother an' you will get along well together'—'my mother,' says I, 'why, isn't she dead years ago—to my heavy grief?'—'oh! to be sure—to be sure'—says he, 'but I don't mane *her*, I mane your new mother'—'my *new* mother!—and who is *she?*' 'Oh! I see you didn't get the letter I sent you about two years back with an account of my second marriage. I was so lonesome, you see, after hearin' of your poor mother's death, that my health itself was gettin' low enough, so I thought I'd get somebody to keep me company, an' see to me if sickness came on—she's a clane, dacent girl from near our own place—a daughter of ould Barney Dwyer's.' 'So you've put another in *her* place already—an' have you any family?'—'we have,' says he, 'one little fellow about a year old'—'well, father!' says I back again, 'I suppose Nancy Dwyer would be well pleased to have me to mind the young one, but I tell you plainly I'd sooner beg my bred from door to door. If I had got the letter you were speakin' of, I'd never have set foot in America. God be with you, father! you may go home an' tell Nancy Dwyer that you have good news for her, for I'll never darken *her* door! I'm able an' willin' to earn my own bread, an' please God I'll do it!'—well! he tried hard to persuade me to go with him, but it was all no use—so he went off at last, afther givin' me this ten dollar bill, an', God forgive me, miss! but I'm sure he was right glad at bottom that I didn't go."

In my heart I could not help sympathizing with the poor motherless girl, although my reason condemned her course. I thought of my own mother, and how I would have felt had my dear father taken another wife but one short year after her death. Still I could not openly approve of what Margaret had done, and I told her I was surprised at a girl of her good sense refusing to go home with her father when he came so far to meet her.

This brought a gush of tears from Margaret's eyes. "Ah then, Miss Preston dear! you wouldn't blame me for it, if you only knew the mother I had—sure there wasn't the likes of her, myself thinks, on Irish ground, an' that's a great word entirely. I'm only just gettin' over my throuble now, an' if I went into the house with the woman that's in *her* place, I'm sure it 'id soon be the death of me. God forgive me if it's a sin, but someway I haven't the same love or likin' for my father since he told me of it. Won't you take me with you, Miss?—ah do!

"But, my poor girl! what would you do going with me? I shall be, most likely, living in some family as governess, or something of that kind,—however, I may do something for you here—or if not, why you can come with me to Canada and seek your fortune there. Don't cry now, Margaret—I will take you up to my bed-room and you can stay there for the present till I see what can be done." Thus consoled, Margaret dried her tears, and followed me with alacrity up stairs where, to her great satisfaction, I gave her some sewing, and left her with an injunction to be of good heart.

With this additional source of anxiety in my mind, I awaited George's return, which was delayed longer than I had expected by some weary hours. He came at length, and to my very agreeable surprise, was accompanied by Edward Houlahan and another gentleman, in whose embrowned, foreign-looking features I, after a moment's careful scrutiny, recognized a still older acquaintance. The latter was no other than Redmond O'Rourke who had been for years and years my poor father's confidential clerk, though, like my brother, he turned out in the end to have no vocation for the law. Houlahan had been for several years in Mr. Delany's employment, and was still deeply interested in the fortunes of the sole survivor of the family, my friend Mrs. Arthur Dillon. It was whispered in Dublin circles at the time that Edward, had he dared, would have aspired to become the old man's son-in-law, and the memory of that forgotten rumor rushed vividly across my mind as I marked the faint flush on the sallow cheek of the apparently middle-aged man before me—while I spoke of Maria, her husband, and the little one for whom I had answered at the font—almost the last thing before I left Ireland. Houlahan, it appeared, was still unmarried, but not so was it with his friend O'Rourke who rejoiced, he said, in the possession of a wife and four children. "Altered times," said he, "Master George, since I used to be gallanting the three Miss O'Sullivans every Sunday out to Lucan Spa and the Strawberry Beds. Poor Lucy—*my* flame—I hear she died of consumption a year or two after I left. Well! those *were* pleasant days after all, and, I must confess, notwithstanding the high value I am at all times disposed to set on Mrs. Redmond O'Rourke and the youngsters—not to speak of certain dollars and cents which I have succeeded in putting together—I *do* often catch myself humming with undoubted feeling,

"Oh! would I were a boy again?"

You know I was never much given to the sentimental, and on the whole I am well contented just now, but I assure you there are times when memory travels back to the pleasant shades of ancient Cullen's-Wood and sports along the Rathmines road at a deuced smart pace, too, just as this body of mine, now so lank and business-worn, used to canter along on my hired pony in the bright summer Sundays "long, long ago" when I was a *gorsoon*, and poor Lucy O'Sullivan, a fair-haired little belle in her teens!—heigho! But I say, Master George!—I beg pardon" he added, correcting himself with something of his former humor,—"I beg pardon—Ensign Preston!—you must not think of leaving us, at least for some days. You must see the city, let your military hurry be ever so great."

"As far as two days go, Redmond," said George with a smile, "we can devote that time to your Empire City—but tell me candidly—you are both half-Americans now—*have* you anything here that will interest us? For my part, I am inclined to doubt it!"

O'Rourke laughed and Houlahan pulled up his shirt collar by way of gaining time. "Ha! ha! Master George, you're putting English airs on you already, in virtue of the livery—that is to be. You think we have nothing here worth a look from European eyes, but wait till to-morrow, my fine folks! and let our city speak for itself. I want to take you and Miss Preston home now—my old woman will be delighted to have you for guests." To this we did not immediately consent, but we agreed to pay Mrs. O'Rourke a visit.

"Your old woman!" repeated George as I left the room to prepare, "is your wife, then, approaching the vale of years?"

Houlahan laughed, and slapped his friend on the shoulder: "There now, O'Rourke! you boast of preserving your Irish phraseology—how do you feel now?"

"Poh! poh!" said O'Rourke, "that's nothing—no, George, no—she aint much over thirty—she's young enough for that matter—it's only a familiar way we have of mentioning a husband or wife in this young country."

"Yes!" put in his companion, "men and women are old here as soon as they put their heads in the noose matrimonial—that's one reason why your humble servant always shirked it, being desirous to keep on the bright side of life as long as possible."

When we made the acquaintance of Mrs. O'Rourke, we were so repelled by the listless coldness of her exterior that her very faint invitation, seconding that previously given by her husband, gave us no desire to make her house our home even for two days. We instinctively felt—both of us—that even a hotel was better than the house of a woman like that whose heart and soul were evidently circumscribed by the limits of her own family. No! no! there was no companionship there for me, the woman actually seemed to *fear* that we might possibly consent to trouble her for a day or two—perhaps with that prospect in view, namely, the uncongenial society and entertainment of Redmond's Irish friends for two whole days—she might have put on an extra coat of ice—but whether or not, we civilly declined her "Won't you stay?"—excused ourselves to Redmond as well as we could—in confidence be it said that even he was not so pressing as we might have expected—alas! for the changes that even hearts undergo in foreign climes!—and even declined stresspassing on his valuable time by accepting his services as *cicerone*. Poor Redmond seemed somewhat hurt, especially when he found that Houlahan was to be our guide, but even that feeling was not expressed with that honest warmth which it would have had in former days, and Redmond left us at the door of our hotel, apparently quite satisfied by our promise to dine with him on the following day.

Houlahan accompanied us up stairs and I could not help remarking to him that I was disappointed in his friend's wife, and even in himself—as far as his reception of old friends went. Houlahan smiled—"I am afraid, Miss Preston, you would never do for this meridian—that is, you would find yourself wofully misplaced here. That heartiness which was a reality at home—a recognized fact in the social circle, is hardly known here even by name. Society here is, for the most part, a meretricious glitter—it has in it little of that genial warmth which diffused so pleasant a glow in our little sphere at home—people in these parts are straining might and main to outshine their neighbors—show—show—show—that is the idol before which young and old bow down, and the consequence is that society is hollow and heartless—empty as the prophet's gourd. Money we make here, but happiness and social enjoyment are myths—mere myths—very pleasant to think of, at least for a poor fellow like me, who has a dim remembrance of such things—but not to be had for love or money."

"Well," said I, "I am particularly sorry to find Mrs. O'Rourke so very cold, for I have a girl in charge whom I hoped to consign to her care when leaving."

Houlahan inquired what I meant, and I barely told him that the girl was one to whom I had taken a fancy on our passage out. I also told him of her refusing to go home with her father on account of his second marriage.

"By George," cried Houlahan, "I admire her spirit. I had a step-mother myself once upon a time, and I gave her and my father leg-bail for my honesty one fine morning. It was that very thing that first sent me to Dublin. I have a good many acquaintances here, and I'll make it my business to speak to some of them—that is, of course, my lady-acquaintances—this very evening about your *protegee*. "Never fear but we'll find her a good berth."

Houlahan was as good as his word. On the following day I had the satisfaction of seeing my little Margaret very comfortably settled in the domicile of a certain Mrs. Brady, a widow-lady with a large family of grown-up sons and daughters, having plenty of means,

and the heart to divide them in a measure with those who had none. This was certainly a great load off my mind, and to make me feel still more at ease, one of the young ladies very kindly promised to let me know occasionally how Margaret got on, for the family were quite prepossessed with her appearance, and expected to find her very useful.

With Margaret Gilmartin disappeared the last of my marine acquaintances, and never again did one of them cross my path. They have all fallen back into the dim world of shadows, ay! even the fleshy bulk of Mr. Hampton has dissolved into thin air. Of the Wortleys only the recollection is still vivid, and it seems they have not even partially forgotten me. Rebecca and I kept up for some years a correspondence, which, broken and irregular as it was, still served to fan the flickering flame of memory. After a year or two William went home to England on business for the firm, and, while there, married a young lady whom Rebecca, in her subsequent letters, described as very accomplished and very amiable, "though no beauty," added my friendly correspondent, "nor even one-half so handsome as one whom we all remember but too well, still she makes a good wife and a kind daughter-in-law—though my father has hardly yet forgiven her for stepping unwittingly into a certain pair of shoes which he had been hopefully keeping for a tiny little pair of Irish feet that are wandering in ghostly guise somewhere in your direction."

But why digress in this unpardonable way to give a partial glimpse of the future, when Mr. Houlahan is actually waiting hat in hand to do the honors of "New York City" to George and myself, a pair of expectants not over eager, for, to say the truth, we were rather incredulous as to the sights of the Empire City.

"Well, well!" said Houlahan, "never mind—I may probably undeceive you before we part—I have a sort of notion that I shall."

When our friend had kindly shown us through the city, and pointed out everything that he thought calculated to interest us, we were agreeably disappointed. Though necessarily wanting in the monuments of art which make the European cities grand and venerable, there is still much to admire in the Commercial Capital of the United States. Contrasted with Liverpool it is both beautiful and magnificent, although the traveller would hesitate to compare it, in any way, with Paris, London, Dublin, or Edinburgh, each distinctive in their own character. As you walk between the stately rows of brick or brown stone houses in the countless streets appropriated to private dwellings, you feel that you are in an American city. The abodes of wealth are around you—many of them of almost palatial magnificence—but they want the stamp of antiquity, they are all "bran new"—to use a vulgar Irish phrase—and their newness takes from their grandeur in European eyes. To a native of Dublin, for instance, nothing in New York can make up for the want of public squares planted at intervals through the city, and with all the ground that is to spare in the vicinity, it struck us as singular that the City Fathers have never provided a decent park for the recreation and pastimes of their municipal children. But no Phœnix Park have they, nor even a Regent's Park—the little triangular grass-plot which they facetiously call *the* Park, though prettily planted with trees, and ornamented with a fountain, is neither more nor less than a burlesque on parks in general—it might do for "*the* park" of an ambitious country town, but for a city like New York it is a mere toy park much like the Swiss villages fabricated for the amusement of children. Neither are the public buildings of New York at all what we might expect—at least I thought so, yet I was agreeably surprised to find over twenty Catholic churches,* few of them, it is true, possessed of much architectural beauty, but all valuable as monuments of faith and piety.

"For many of these," said Houlahan, "we may thank the pious liberality of our own people, here as well at home, fond of erecting temples to the Most High. I assure you their hard earnings are the main support of many a church in our proudest cities."

"Well! whoever put them up," said George, "or whoever worships at their altars, they are highly creditable to them—not, to be sure, for their beauty or magnificence, but for their number!—and that, after all, is the main thing—the architectural pomp will come with time. But now that we have made the grand round, Houlahan, what are we going to do with ourselves?—we do not start for Montreal before six in the evening."

"Oh! I have a few sights to show you yet," said Houlahan, whereupon it was agreed that we should first secure our dinner and then see the remaining lions. Amongst them was the American Museum—Barnum, the great American humbug—the prince of humbugs—unequalled, perhaps, in any age—the Battery, that woody fringe tacked on to the skirt of Manhattan Island—and the really magnificent view it commands over the Bay of New York, its fortified islands, and its endless variety of shipping from the great ocean steamer and the stately first-class packet to the tiny fishing-smack and the miniature steamers which ply the numerous ferries around the vast city.

On the whole, we were much pleased, and not a little entertained with what we saw in New York, and although we had discovered but few of the many friends whom we expected to meet, still our recollections of the Empire City were rather pleasant than otherwise, and as we were facing a country where we knew no one, we both of us bade farewell to our kind friend Houlahan, to O'Rourke, and even his cool little wife, with hearts much depressed. Facing northwards we seemed leaving *our* "known world" behind—we were steering like Columbus for regions beyond our ken, and our minds were occupied with many a problem of thrilling interest to ourselves as we steamed up the bold North River—"the mighty Hudson" famed in song, after waving a last salute to Houlahan and O'Rourke, the two links which had hitherto kept the past before us. With them we again lost sight of Ireland—at least we felt so, and not even the noble features of the country on either side—the wild grandeur of the Hudson Highlands—the fantastic forms of the steep rocks which overhung the stream, nor the fairy beauty of the river itself, reflecting all these objects on its silvery surface, could divert our minds from the dim unknown future about to open before us.

(*To be continued.*)

* There are now nearly thirty churches, together with several religious houses in and around the city.

A "RALE" GENTLEMAN.

[*From the Roscommon Messenger.*]

It is very easy to know "a gentleman"—he appears in public adorned with well-made boots, a good coat, impudence and assurance. A gentleman of this description finds fault with everything—at hotels he kicks the servants to amuse himself, and, if he pays well, the hotel keeper is pleased, "bless his honor," and says he is a RALE GINTLEMAN. The hotel keepers in this county had the honor of entertaining a "rale gintleman" last week, at their own expense.

Captain Cumming Gordon, R.N., arrived in Boyle on Monday evening—the post-car which conveyed the captain and his luggage broke down within four miles of the town, and a carman brought the captain on his cart to the door of the hotel—the captain presented his card, borrowed eighteenpence, and "treated" the carman—all his treasure was in his trunks, and they were on the march to town. The captain visited a military friend in town, borrowed half a sovereign, took a drive to Rockingham, invited four or five "good fellows" to dine, gave them lots of champaigne and brandy, and at a late hour he cuffed the waiter and retired to bed *glorious*. Every one in the house was delighted and declared he was "a rale gintleman." The next morning the captain took a car and drove over to Frenchpark, called at the police barrack, presented his polished card, and told the policeman he intended to remain in the country a few days, and wished to introduce himself to the police officer—"living in the country without gay society, was dreadful." The captain next day declared his intention of walking round the town and wanted a stick—one of "the force" presented him with a silver-headed cane—he valued it highly, but nothing was too good for the captain—promotion visible through a mist in the distance. The captain, who was chartered to purchase horses to mount the marines, called on a farmer near Frenchpark, looked at a colt for which he was asked £90, he offered £80, but the farmer was sorry he did not ask £200 when he saw "Captain" on the gentleman's card. The stud at Frenchpark also came in for a share of the Honorable Cumming Gordon's regards, one animal of which, in particular, "he did not mind giving £500 for." The captain managed to get on to Castlerea, leaving behind him an excellent dinner, bespoke but not partaken of, also the Boyle car boy. Near the town he met a gentleman, presented his card and entered into conversation; enquired for the best hotel, received all the information he required, and bade the gentleman good evening. Good evening captain, said the gentleman. A rich butcher who heard the gentleman called "Captain" by the other gentleman, offered to carry his coat to the hotel—the captain consented—arrived at the hotel he asked the butcher what he would drink?—a glass of good whiskey, your honor, said the butcher. Brandy, said the Captain, get him a tumbler of brandy. The brandy was supplied, and the butcher drank and prayed long life to his honor. Maybe your honor would like a game o' ball, said the butcher. Bravo, said the captain, you're a fine fellow. Down they marched to the ball-alley, and the butcher introduced the captain to one or two of the aristocracy, and they made a match—the captain put his hand in his pocket—no money, no pocket-book—it was with the luggage that was *on the way*. The butcher wouldn't see his honor cut short for 30s., and lent this sum to the captain, who sported it on the spot, as if he was the young heir to an estate in Connaught. The butcher was ordered to call at nine o'clock, for principal and interest—he did call, but the captain was absent, search was made, and he was found near the workhouse dead—drunk in a heap of nettles, leaving three commercial travellers to pay for the very excellent dinner to which he had invited them. Our poor hero was thence conveyed to "durance vile." Some of his competitors at the ball-court, pleased maybe at the spirit with which he had transferred the butcher's half-crowns, very generously interfered, and had the poor wight discharged from bondage, and left free to roam at large once more. When all was over, the captain declared he was not a captain at all, only a discharged private.

INDIA.

The news from India shows that, as the London *Times* expresses it, the Empire in that country seems "to hang by a thread and the glory of England verges to its decline." Delhi, the ancient capital of the Grand Mogul, still holds out. The English commander, Gen. Bernard, is reported to have died, and fresh stories of horrible massacres by the native troops are rife. England is reaping the whirlwind in recompense for the century of wrongs she has inflicted on unhappy India. If this is indeed the prelude to the tenth Avatar of Brahma, so long expected by the inhabitants of India, it is one of blood and carnage.

The brief and almost sybilline sentences of the telegraphic despatch give mere glimpses of what is going on in rebellious India. One single line is enough: "All the troops in Oude mutinied!" The recently annexed Kingdom of Oude contains several millions of inhabitants and is the nursery of the Sepoy army for Bengal. The grasping policy of the East India Company, in annexing by a stroke of the pen this important province, has thus overreached itself and been the probable cause of the present mutiny, which threatens the existence of the Indian empire, and with it portends an eclipse of the glory of England. Toward these Eastern provinces the course of the East India Company has been remorselessly deceitful. It has nursed their vices, and neutralized their power until they were reduced to mere puppets, and then their territory was annexed. If the change of rulers had brought any mitigation of the despotism or amelioration of the burdens of the inhabitants of India there might be some sympathy for the danger which menaces the Empire of the East India Company, but we imagine that the civilized world will feel no regret at the fall of a dominion founded on violence, and reared by unrelenting fraud.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

We publish the above as an offset to the heap of nonsensical rubbish which appears from day to day in the columns of the N. Y. daily papers on the subject of India. Their editors have repeatedly endeavored to thrust down people's throats the preposterous idea, that British rule in India, though faulty in some particulars, was yet, on the whole, superior to the rule of the native princes and more beneficial to the natives. The fallacy of such a doctrine as this it is of course unnecessary to refute. The Sepoys solved that question when they chased from Delhi the foreign ruler and his myrmidons, and substituted the descendant of one of their native kings in his stead.

Apropos of this Indian insurrection, an acquaintance of ours who has resided in India for many years, informs us that he derives considerable amusement every morning from reading the opinions set forth by writers in the above journals. The more than Cimmerian ignorance evinced by them, as well as their injustice to the natives, first filled him with indignation and astonishment. Latterly, however, it affords him but amusement.

OUTRAGEOUS CASE OF SEDUCTION BY A CLERGYMAN.

The citizens of Burlington were thrown into a state of intense excitement on Friday last, by the circulation of a rumor that the Rev. William B. Sutherland, of that city, had been guilty of the crime of seducing the daughter of a member of his church, who was just turned of fifteen years of age. An investigation of the rumor led to the painful conclusion that it was, in all its enormity, too true to be disbelieved. It appears that on Wednesday afternoon last, Sutherland went to the house of the girl's father for his intended victim to come to him and assist some other girls in arranging some books in his library, it having been previously understood that several were to meet there for that purpose. The girl not responding to the invitation, Sutherland sent again, and this second invitation she unfortunately obeyed.

On reaching Sutherland's house, he invited her into the library, when she was surprised to find herself the only female present. He immediately commenced his advances and familiarities with her, drew her into a chamber, and there succeeded in overcoming her. It is very remarkable that as the young victim of this man's seductions was leaving the house she encountered Sutherland's wife, who was just at that moment returning home after an absence of some days. The wife noticed the flushed and excited appearance of the girl's countenance, and asked the cause, why she had been crying, &c., to which evasive answers were returned, and the outraged child hastened home to the house of her parents. On Thursday she related to her mother the particulars of the shame that had been practiced on her, and the mother immediately waited upon one of the deacon's of Sutherland's church and related the circumstances. He immediately called in a brother deacon, and the two went to Sutherland's house, where they informed them of the charge made against him. Sutherland admitted that he had taken many liberties with the child, but denied the charge of seduction. His whole conduct and manner, however, was such as to convince the two that he was guilty, and they informed him at once that all further intercourse with him as pastor of their church was at an end.

In the meantime the father of the girl was made acquainted with the atrocious crime which had been perpetrated on the virtue of his child. His exaspiration became uncontrollable, and, arming himself for the purpose of taking a summary vengeance on the destroyer, he started in pursuit of him. But an intimation to Sutherland that his life was in danger, enabled him to escape over the back fence of his garden, only a few minutes in advance of his justly-indignant pursuer.

This clerical hypocrite is about 30 years of age, and has been in charge of a church at Burlington since last year. He went there from Lodi, near Jersey City; but where he is now gone to no one can tell. The victim of his arts is barely fifteen years of age, and has borne an unblemished character. Her family also are of unimpeached standing, and enjoy the respect and esteem of all who know them.

This scandalous act of Sutherland is not the first which has been laid at his door during his ministry in Burlington.

We learn from a gentleman at Burlington that the excitement there was very great on Saturday night, and that there was a strong talk of tarring and feathering Sutherland, if they could find him.—*Trenton Gazette and Republican.*

A MONSTER REPTILE.—About three weeks ago five men went to gather whortleberries in the mountainous part of Harlan County, Ky., and in their travels came to a small branch at the foot of a steep ridge, where they discovered a smooth beaten patch, or rather slide, that led from the branch up the ridge. Curiosity tempting them to know its meaning, they followed the trail to the top of the ridge, where, to their astonishment, they found about an acre of ground perfectly smooth and destitute of vegetation, near the centre of which they discovered a small sink or cave, large enough to admit a salt barrel. They concluded to drop in a few stones, and presently their ears were saluted with a loud rumbling sound, accompanied with a rattling noise; and an enormous serpent made his appearance, blowing and spreading his head, and his forked tongue protruded. The men were struck with wonder and affright, and suddenly the atmosphere was filled with a smell so nauseating that three of the five men were taken very sick; the other two, discovering the condition of their companions, dragged them away from that abode of death. About ten feet of the snake had, to their judgment, made its appearance, when they hurried home, and told what they had seen to their neighbors. The next day were mounted some ten of the hardy mountaineers, armed with rifles, determined to destroy the monster. On approaching within one hundred yards of the dwelling of his snakeship, their horses suddenly became restive, and neither kindness nor force could make them go nearer. The men dismounted, and hitching their horses, proceeded on foot, with rifles cocked, to the mouth of the cave. They hurled in three or four large stones, and fell back some fifteen steps, when the same noise was heard as before, and out came the dreaded reptile, ready, as his looks indicated, to crush the intruder. About the same length of the snake appeared from the hole, when eight ar ten bullets went through his head, and as the monster died he kept crawling out, until twenty feet of that huge boa lay motionless on the ground. It was a rattlesnake with twenty-eight rattles—the first was four inches in diameter, the rest decreasing in size to the last. With difficulty the men dragged him home, and his skin can now be seen by the curious in Harlan County.

AN ENGLISH BULL.—An Englishman (apparently an officer of rank), writing from India, whose letter appears in the *Times*, says: "We must deciminate the half of the population before we can get our prestige back." We commend this choice "morceau" to collectors (if such there be) of English bulls. We pass by the ignorance which writes "deciminate" for "decimate;" but the idea of decimating "half" the population is truly original. A Surgeon Batson, whose "miraculous" escape is recorded in the same paper, had no hesitation in professing himself a Mahometan, in order to get through the hands of his captors.—*Nation.*

At Meerut the soldiers' wives are armed, and take their stand at duty.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,

OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XV.

Darrynane—Scenery—The House—The Hunting—The Collegians—O'Connell's Description of his Home—Two Things at a Time—Arboriculture.

NEXT day we arrived at Darrynane.

The dwelling-house is situated within a few hundred yards of a little bay, which is separated from the harbor of Ballinskelligs, by a rocky promontory, called the Abbey Island. This promontory is sometimes insulated in particularly high tides. It contains the ruins of an ancient abbey, amongst which are the graves of many of the O'Connell family.

Much of the adjacent coast appears to have been upheaved in some desperate agony of nature. It consists of patches of unprofitable boggy surface, alternating with *debris* of naked rock. But there are some grand and romantic scenes among the hills and on the cliffs.

The house is sheltered to the north and west, by mountains ranging from 1,500 to 2,000 feet in height. On the east, the view is bounded by a chain of high rocks, that divide the bay of Darrynane from that of Kenmare. Close to the house is a thriving plantation called the shrubbery, covering some ten or twelve acres of a most rocky and irregular tract, through the irregularities of which there are very pretty winding walks. In the midst of this shrubbery, perched high aloft upon an ivied rock, is a small circular turret, commanding over the tops of the young trees, a view of the ocean and of the neighboring hills. To this turret, Mr. O'Connell frequently retired to cogitate in solitude over his future political movements. He had also a favorite walk in the garden, which is picturesquely situated amongst rocks, and contains some of the finest old hollies I have ever seen.

Darrynane house possesses tolerable accommodation, although it often proved scarcely sufficient for the numbers attracted by the hospitable habits and political celebrity of the owner. It was built at different periods, and without the slightest regard to any uniform plan of architecture; a room was added whenever there arose a demand for increased accommodation; so that the whole mass presents a curious cluster of small buildings of different dates, heights, and sizes. In the dining-room are portraits of Mr. O'Connell, his lady, and his children: the portrait of the Liberator, although an indifferent painting, is, I understand, the very best likeness ever taken of him.

Up to the year 1839, when the new road from Cahirciveen was completed, the approach from that town to Darrynane was for three or four miles almost impassable for carriages, from its precipitous nature. Men were employed to draw carriages with ropes along the old road. The new line was opened to the public in autumn, 1839; it commands from many points superb views of the sea and the mountains.

On the third or fourth morning after my arrival at Darrynane, I was summoned by Mr. O'Connell to accompany the hunting party. It was not quite six o'clock—the morning was clear and bright, and gave promise of a beautiful day. We followed a winding path called "The Meadow Walk," which crosses and recrosses a merry mountain brook; we ascended the hill of Coomakista, crossed the line of the new road, and ere half-an-hour had elapsed, a hare was started. It was a glorious run; the hare was in view for half a mile or more; and as the dogs ran the scent, they kept so close together, that a sheet might have covered the pack. O'Connell, who enjoyed the hunt with infinite glee, walked and ran from rock to rock, to keep the dogs in view. The mountain air had already sharpened my appetite, and I inquired rather anxiously when we should have breakfast.

"Not until we kill two hares," replied O'Connell, "we must earn our breakfast." He then engaged in busy speculations on the course of the hare—she had doubled, and thrown out the dogs—the pack were at fault—they had scattered, and were trying in different directions to recover the scent. Ah! Drummer hit the scent again, and now they were all once more in full pursuit.

It was a glorious scene. Overhead was a cloudless sky; around us, on every side, was the most magnificent scenery, lighted up with brilliant sunshine. There was that finest of all music, the loud, full cry of the beagles, returned by a thousand echoes; the shouts of men and boys ringing sharp and cheerily along the hills; and there was Daniel O'Connell himself, equaling in agility men not half his age, pouring forth an exhaustless stream of jest and anecdote, and entering with joyous zeal into the fullest spirit of the noble sport.

Two hares were killed within a hour and a half; and we then sat down to breakfast in a small sheltered nook. It was a green hollow in the hill-side, about 900 feet above the level of the sea. Immediately over us projected a gray rock, which formed a sort of rude ceiling to the inner part of our mountain parlor. Breakfast in such a spot, and with such appetites, was truly a luxurious feast. A fragment of rock was our table; some of the party sat on stones, whilst others reclined in primitive fashion on the grass. The huntsmen, in their gay red jackets, and several of the peasantry, formed an irregular line upon the outskirts. The noble dogs sat around with an air of quiet dignity, that seemed indicative of conscious merit. Far beneath us was the Atlantic, sparkling in the morning sun; to the right were the mountain isles of Scariff and the bold rocks of Skellig. "Those Skelligs," said an imaginative English visitor, "are like two huge cathedrals rising out of the sea." The outline of the larger Skellig, as seen from Coomakista mountain, in some measure justifies the comparison. Our telescopes enabled us to discern a few large sail in the extreme offing; but with the exception of some fishing boats, there were not any vessels in the Bay of Ballinskellig.

The Liberator amused himself at the expense of such of the party as had been deficient in agility; and quizzed one or two Londoners, whose previous knowledge of country scenery had been almost solely drawn from the Beulah Spa, the parks, or theatrical representations. However, although the *paves* of Pall Mall and Regent street afforded but indifferent preparation for mountain pedestrianism, yet his London friends, upon the whole, acquitted themselves very creditably.

The post-boy arrived with the letter-bag while we were at breakfast. Mr. O'Connell read his letters on the mountain—the hunt was then resumed, and with such success, that, if I mistake not, we brought home seven hares at sunset.

On days when he did not hunt, the mode in which he usually disposed of his time at Darrynane was as follows: After breakfast the newspapers and letters occupied, in general, from one to two hours; he would then, if the day was fine, stroll out for a while to the beach, the garden, or to his turret in the shrubbery: whenever I accompanied him on any of these walks, he has invariably pointed out among the surrounding rocks the course of some hunt, and detailed with a minuteness that evinces the interest he took in the subject, the various turns of the hare, and the exploits of the dogs. He would then return to the house, and spend the rest of the day till dinner in his study. One day I found him reading the "Collegians," which he told me was his favorite work of fiction. "I have been reading it over again," said he, "with a melancholy interest. Scanlan was the real name of the man who is called Hardress Cregan in the novel. I was Scanlan's counsel at the trial, and I knocked up the principal witness against him. But all would not do—there were proofs enough besides, that were quite sufficient to convict him."

He always occupied the head of the table at dinner, and, with rare exceptions, was talkative and jocular during that meal. He generally sat about an hour after it, and then returned to the study, where he remained until bed-time.

He certainly enjoyed himself more at Darrynane than anywhere else. Independently of the personal associations that bound him to the spot, he loved the scenes of rude and sterile grandeur that surrounded his home. Writing in October, 1838, to Walter Savage Landor, from Darrynane, he thus describes the coast and mountain scenery:

"Little do you imagine how many persons besides myself have been delighted with the poetic imaginings which inspired these lines on one of the wonders of my infancy—the varying sounds emitted by marine shells:

> "Shake one, and it awakens: then apply
> Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
> And it remembers its august abodes,
> And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there!"*

"Would that I had you here, to show you 'their august abode' in its most awful beauty. I could show you at noontide—when the stern southwester had blown long and rudely—the mountain waves coming in from the illimitable ocean in majestic succession, expending their gigantic force, and throwing up stupendous masses of foam, against the more gigantic and more stupendous mountain cliffs that fence not only this my native spot, but form that eternal barrier which prevents the wild Atlantic from submerging the cultivated plains and high-steepled villages of proud Britain herself. Or, were you with me amidst the Alpine scenery that surrounds my humble abode, listening to the eternal roar of the mountain torrent, as it bounds through the rocky defiles of my native glens, I would venture to tell you how I was born within the sound of the everlasting wave, and how my dreamy boyhood dwelt upon *imaginary* intercourse with those who are dead of yore, and fed its fond fancies upon the ancient and long-faded glories of that land which preserved literature and Christianity when the rest of now civilized Europe was shrouded in the darkness of Godless ignorance. Yes! my expanding spirit, delighted in these day dreams, till catching from them an enthusiasm which no disappointment can embitter, nor accumulating years diminish, I formed the high resolve to leave my native land better after my death than I found her at my birth: and, if possible, to make her what she ought to me—

> "'Great, glorious, and free,
> First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.'

"Perhaps, if I could show you the calm and exquisite beauty of these capacious bays and mountain promontories, softened in the pale moonlight which shines this lovely evening, till all which during the day was grand and terrific has become calm and serene in the silent tranquillity of the clear night—perhaps you would readily admit that the man who has been so often called a ferocious demagogue, is, in truth, a gentle lover of Nature, an enthusiast of all her beauties—

> "'Fond of each gentle and each dreary scene,'

and catching, from the loveliness as well as the dreariness of the ocean, and Alpine scenes with which he is surrounded, a greater ardor to promote the good of man, in his overwhelming admiration of the mighty works of God."

One trait in his social character was a remarkable attention to all that was passing, even the most trivial things. Often, when he has apparently been wholly engrossed among newspapers or letters, he has surprised me by suddenly throwing in an observation or reply to some remark made *sotto voce* at the further end of a long room. His alertness of mind as well as quickness of hearing, made him thus quite alive to whatever passed, even when one least would suspect it.

One day I witnessed the surprise of a rough northern lawyer at this faculty of bestowing attention upon different subjects at once. The lawyer consulted him about an Act of Parliament, and was reading aloud the disputable parts of the Act, when he suddenly stopped short, exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. O'Connell, I see you are reading something else; I'll wait till you have done." "Go on! go on, man!" said O'Connell, without raising his eyes from the document with which he was engaged, "I hear you quite distinctly. If you had as much to do as I have, you would long ago have been trained into the knack of devoting the *one* moment to *two* occupations." The other obeyed, and when he had concluded his queries, O'Connell put aside the *second* subject of his thoughts, and delivered a detailed reply to all the questions of his visitor.

Whilst Mr. O'Connell remained at Darrynane, he often devoted an hour or two to hearing and adjusting the disputes of the neighboring peasantry. He officiated as "Judge and Jury" upon these occasions, and prevented by his interposition a vast deal of ill-will and litigation.

His acquirements did not include any knowledge of arboriculture. We were speaking of some young ash that did not seem healthy. I advised him to cut them over at the root, in order that new leaders might grow up from the stool. He demurred. I assured him it was an old practice with foresters, and that I had frequently tried it myself with perfect success. He laughed, and said, "Of all the preposterous schemes I ever heard, the notion of cutting a tree *down* to make it grow *up*, seems the most comical."

"O'Connell's etymology of Darrynane was derived from the two Irish words *Darragh*, an oak, and *Inane*, ivy—"The Ivied Oaks."

(To be continued.)

* The editor has restored this quotation in full. Mr. O'Connell omitted the first two lines.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

COLOR OF COUNTRY HOUSES.

It is easier to decide what the color of city houses should be than those in the country. Every one can see that streets lined with rows of white buildings would be intolerable; none but eagle's eyes could endure the glare. City houses should mostly be of a sober tint, absorbing, not reflecting, the sun's rays, and not easily disfigured by dust and smoke. But the case is somewhat different with buildings in the country.

Formerly, white was the prevailing fashion. It was a neat and cheerful color, and supposed to be the most durable. But a change was at length decreed in this fashion. Foreign writers condemned it, and native writers echoed their words with emphasis. Artists and travellers gave it a shower of ridicule. "White," they said, "is too intense a color—it does not harmonize with the hues of a landscape. A house so painted forces itself into notice—it impudently stares you in the face. An object of a sober tint, unexpectedly gilded by the sun, is like a serious countenance suddenly lighted up by a smile; a whitened object is like the eternal grin of a fool. No artist, of any reputation, would introduce a white house upon his canvas. The color is too glaring for the eye to rest upon, under our brilliant sunshine." And so on. These criticisms turned the fashion into the opposite extreme. Dark, sombre colors, became all the rage. Many beautiful cottages and cheerful houses embowered among trees, were changed into gloomy, barn-like, prison-like structures. The most popular color was what the painters styled "Victoria brown," a dingy, melancholy hue, in faint imitation of free stone. Nobody really liked the change; it was a little too abrupt; but then it was the fashion, and it must be swallowed down as a very genteel thing. But common sense could not be long silenced, and she soon spoke out as follows: "Oh, ye sons of men, why run to such extremes! Because, white is too glaring, must ye therefore take refuge in black? Choose some of the softer and more cheerful colors, which I furnish you,—the various shades of gray, fawn, light drab, cream-color, straw-color, the many pleasing tints in your rocks and sands." Men listened to this sage monitor, and the result was most happy. Now, houses are mostly painted in sober hues, but not in gloomy brown; in cheerful hues, but not in intense white.

Let us not maintain, however, that no country house should be painted white. A white cottage with green blinds, nestled among trees and festooned with vines, is one of the pleasantest scenes in any landscape. Nor would we object, in all cases, to green blinds on other houses which are painted in some neutral tint. The porch, cornice, window-frames and other dressings, should be painted a darker or lighter shade than the house itself, to relieve what would otherwise be bald monotony.

Barns and other out-buildings should be painted a darker shade than the house, to make them inconspicuous, and to mark their inferior uses. Several enterprising farmers of our acquaintance have lately rebuilt their barns, clapboarding them and *painting them white!* Why do you so? we asked one the other day. "Oh, well," said he, "I think as much of my barn as I do of my house; and then, I wanted to spruce up a little." *Wanted to spruce up a little;* that was it. But his cattle and pigs have rubbed their muddy hides against his clean white paint, as if determined to get it as near the once-fashionable "Victoria brown" as possible.

Fences should be painted in some subdued color, so as not to attract much notice. "A fence," says Cooper, "which looks as if it were covered with clothes hung up to dry, does very little towards aiding the picturesque."—*American Agriculturist.*

STABLING CATTLE IN SUMMER.

The common practice of allowing cattle to remain in the open yard, or in the pasture, over night, is a wasteful one. If in the pasture, the most valuable part of the droppings are wasted. If our pastures were in fine condition, with a loose permeable soil, the liquid manure would be retained and absorbed by the soil before it had time to evaporate. But most of our pastures are hard, for want of plowing for many years, and some of them have never been plowed at all. The solid and liquid manure dropped upon them is mostly lost in the air.

That which falls in the barn-yard is lost in the same way, unless great pains be taken to keep it well coated with muck, and to plow the muck as often as once a week. Fifteen or twenty cows confined in a small yard, very soon tread down the earth into a solid hard-pan, like a travelled highway. In many a yard well supplied with muck, this hard-pan is not broken from the time it is carted in, in May, until it is carted out on the following Spring. The most precious part of the droppings is evaporated in a constant cloud of ammonia, during the long Summer months. It is forgotten that muck is comparatively worthless in the yard, unless it be intimately mixed with the manure. In the hurry of the Summer work, the frequent plowing and harrowing of the yards are neglected. Meanwhile the farmers' riches take wings, while he works in the field by day and as he sleeps at night.

But if the muck is supplied, and the plowing is attended to, in the most thorough manner, it does not save the manure so effectually as stabling the cattle at night. In a barn properly constructed, the manure falls through trap doors into the cellar beneath, upon a bed of muck always light and spongy. Here no sun can reach it, nor winds to waste its gasses. The process of fermentation is held in check by the cool temperature, and the intermixing of the manure with the muck. Where a herd of cows is trained to this treatment, they go readily to their stalls, and are at once secured, and ready for the milkers. They are less troubled with the flies than in the open yard, and the milker is never disturbed by a run-away cow. The animals, too, it is claimed, are more comfortable in the cooler temperature of the barn. They are also ready for the extra fodder which many farmers are beginning to find it profitable to give to their cows in the dry weather of August and September. There are few pastures so flush with feed, that there is not a pinch at some period of the Summer. A cow, to do her best and yield the largest profit, should have a full supply of food continually. The corn that has been sown for soiling now comes in to meet the deficiency of grass. It is cut and drawn to the barn floor as wanted, and fed out to the cattle. The flow of milk is kept up, the quantity of butter increased, and the swelling heap of compost in the cellar beneath tells a good story of the profit of stabling cows in Summer. It is a little more trouble, but the labor is abundantly rewarded.—*Ibid.*

Milking thrice a day, when cows give a great quantity of milk, is a great advantage. Try it.

Keep the legs of your horses clean—dirt is productive of disease.

THE HOME PRODUCERS OF IRON.—Gen. Duff Green has published a circular "to all persons in the United States interested in railroads and the manufacture of iron," calling for a convention to be held in the city of Washington on the first Monday in January next, to be composed of delegates to be selected by persons as above. Gen. Green issues this call in virtue of being chairman of a committee appointed to bring the subject before the Post Office Department and Congress. The reasons upon which the call is based afford a subject of consideration and speculation to our financiers and political economists; and are at the same time a matter of moment to the people at large. The circular argues that the present system of making railroads has but played into the financial policy of the Bank of England—inasmuch as that, in the absence of a sufficiency of gold and silver and bank notes, railroad bonds are the most available substitute for currency; and as their value varies, the weak point in our financial system is in being, by the large purchase of English iron, subject to the rule of the Bank of England, which regulates the exchanges so as to make London the heart and centre of the financial world. Thus, it is argued, we are the vassals of the English money market. Gen. Green believes he has discovered and perfected a plan by which this can be equalized or reversed.

The King of Ava, among many other lofty and high-sounding titles, has that of "Lord of Twenty-four Umbrellas." This looks as if he had prepared himself for a long and stormy reign.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

A handsome medallion was presented, as a *souvenir* of his visit, by his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon, to Captain W. Graham, of Belfast. When the Imperial yacht, La Reine Hortense, was about to leave Belfast Lough, Captain Graham had the honor of being requested to pilot her during the remainder of his Highness's inspection of the Irish coast. He at once complied with the request; and in that capacity took charge of the yacht from Belfast to Isle of Staffa, the Giant's Causeway, Lough Foyle, and Killybegs. From Killybeg he next conducted her to Galway Bay, thence to Limerick, and from Limerick to Queenstown. Before leaving the yacht at Queenstown, his Imperial Highness held an interview with Captain Graham; and after expressing his great satisfaction at the manner in which he had discharged his duty during the trip, presented him with the medallion referred to. It bears on one side a beautifully chased likeness of his Imperial Highness, with the inscription, "S A I Le Prince Napoleon;" while on the other, is an epitome of his career. The medallion was enclosed in a handsome morocco case.

The number of rural laborers crossing the Channel, from this port, in search of employment at the English and Scotch harvest, is much less than it was some years ago. Indeed, the supply seems smaller than that of last year. The reapers, however, in most cases, evidently belong to a more comfortable and better class than those who formerly "cut the hay and corn" for our neighbors on the other side of the water. They are generally stalwart young fellows, from Antrim, Down, and Armagh, who might obtain plenty of employment at home, but prefer higher wages elsewhere. A large portion of the harvesters emigrating this season travel by rail from the inland counties to Dundalk, Newry, and Londonderry. Nearly a thousand left the last named port yesterday, by the steamer for Glasgow. Fleetwood is also a favorite port of debarkation.

The keel of a small steam tender has just been laid down on Queen's Island, by Messrs. R. Hickson & Co. She has been ordered by Messrs. Kemp & Co. of Fleetwood, and is intended for a very novel, but certainly a most excellent service—viz., tending the Belfast and Fleetwood mail steamers, and bringing off passengers and goods when these vessels, in consequence of low water, are unable to come up to the quay. The following will be her dimensions: Length, 87 feet; breadth, 17 1-4 feet; tonnage 110 tons.

A requisition has been largely signed by men of all classes and creeds—bankers, merchants, traders and professional men—in Belfast, calling upon the government to institute an inquiry into the cause and circumstances of the late Orange riots in that town. The requisition has been forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant, and important consequences are expected to follow from this movement. The Roman Catholics of Belfast have also forwarded to the House of Commons a petition on the same subject.

The number of pounds of tea entered for consumption at Belfast for the week ending 15th of August, was 32,555lbs. against 40,572lbs. the previous week, making a total of 1,453,606lbs. since 1st January last, against 1,100,656lbs., same period last year.

Carlow.

Within the last two months, no less than ten or eleven men belonging to the constabulary of the county, have resigned and emigrated to Australia. Some of them had been eleven years in the police, and their average height was from five feet ten inches to six feet three inches. They were all well conducted, intelligent, and active members of the force. The cause assigned for their leaving is, in consequence of the inadequate pay allowed, which is considered to be insufficient, especially as provisions rate exceedingly high. We understand that several other members of the constabulary are preparing to follow their example.—*Sentinel.*

A young man named Patrick M'Cabe, while engaged in saving hay in the neighborhood of Leighlinbridge, became suddenly indisposed, and on being placed on the ground to rest himself, he expired in a few hours. An inquest was held on the body. Deceased died from the effects of an attack of English cholera. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts.

Clare.

The singularly beautiful new church of Killaloe, for which the Very Rev. Dr. Power, P.P., V.G., has effected so much in the way of commodious improvement and admirable decoration, presented a scene of the most gratifying and soul-inspiring nature. The occasion which assembled so many together from all parts of the surrounding country was a solemn episcopal High Mass, sermon, procession of the Blessed Virgin, and procession of the most Holy Sacrament. The Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, the apostolic and venerated Bishop of Bombay, was high priest; the Rev. J. Egan, C.C., Castleconnell, deacon; the Rev. Mr. Gleeson, C.C., Bodyke, sub-deacon. All the clergy of the deaconate of Killaloe were present; many from Nenagh; and a choir from the church of Nenagh assisted in the singing of the High Mass. The sermon was preached by that eminently-gifted public orator, Father Fortesque, S.J. His theme was the sublime one—the Sacrifice of the Mass.

The new pier in progress of erection at Tarbert Island will be finished before Christmas. On the 15th of September the railroad from Limerick to Foynes will be open for traffic, when the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company will put on the river from Foynes to Kilrush, touching at Tarbert, a first class steamer in connection with the Limerick and Foynes Railway Company, and all the steamers plying on the river Shannon will touch on the new pier on its completion, to take in and discharge freight and passengers. The City of London Steam Ship Company have already selected sites for the erection of stores, &c.

Cork.

The Royal National Life-boat Institution has just stationed a first-class life-boat at Youghal and at Cahore. Both boats, which are thoroughly equipped, including life-belts for their crews, are each 30 feet long, 8 feet deep, and row ten oars. Before the boats were sent to their stations a public trial of them took place in the Regent's Dock, Limehouse, in the presence of several experienced gentlemen. The valuable and extraordinary qualities of these boats were made apparent on the occasion, to the gratification of all who witnessed the experiments. Having been turned keel up by means of a powerful hydraulic crane, each boat self-righted instantaneously, one of them having her masts and sails up at the time. The water shipped by this operation was self-ejected in 15 seconds, and the stability of these boats was shown to be so great, that 24 men could stand on one gunwale without submerging it.

The workmen engaged in excavating the central part of the Sunday's Well road, adjoining the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, on which they are engaged laying down the pipe water main, discovered imbedded in the earth, at a depth of about four feet below the surface, the remains of a human skeleton lying from west to east. There was no vestige of a coffin, or any other similar interment. The skull, jaw-bone, &c., were perfect, the teeth sound and complete; the lesser bones of the arms, legs, and ribs were absent, having doubtless perished in the lapse of time. The tibia and femur, vertebræ of the back, with hip bones and skull, alone remain. The interment was evidently solitary, and of ancient time—no memory now existing to throw light upon it.—*Reporter.*

A large and influential number of the inhabitants of the town and neighborhood of Mallow having for some time past expressed their desire of paying a compliment to the Rev. Justin M'Carthy, consider the present a fitting opportunity, now that that gentleman is returning from a lengthened tour in a foreign land, and have determined on giving him a public dinner on an early day. The demonstration is not confined to a particular party; all classes of every creed and denomination having signified their intention of being present at this happily convened, but well merited tribute of the worth of the gifted and good Pastor of Mallow.—*Cork paper.*

The magistrates of Cork have decided that where auctioneers receive 5 per cent. from purchasers in addition to the biddings, they have no legal right to charge the owners of property commission in addition. The practice is to charge both parties, the auctioneer thereby realizing 10 per cent. on the sales.

Mr. Maguire's book on Rome has just been published by Messrs. Longman and Co., London. The able London Correspondent of the *Liverpool Albien* speaks of it in terms of high praise.

Doctor O'Leary, of this city, has been appointed to the vacant chair of Materia Medica in the local branch of the Queen's College.—*Examiner.*

Derry.

The Twelfth of August, the anniversary of the Relief of Derry, was celebrated in that city. The Apprentice Boys, as usual, assembled in the morning on the walls, and discharged a salvo from guns placed on the Royal Bastion; again in the forenoon and evening, firing took place from twelve field-pieces.

Donegal.

A melancholy accident occurred to the son of Mr. H. G. Peoples, distributor of stamps, county of Donegal. It appears that Master Peoples was staying with his uncle, at Dunfanaghy; and on Tuesday he went out in a "curragh" (a small boat), accompanied by another lad, taking with them a gun. While holding the gun by the muzzle it exploded, the contents lodging in Master Peoples' right breast, some of the shot passing through his body. Although his case received immediate surgical treatment from Dr. Clarke, of Dunfanaghy, the unfortunate lad expired.

Dublin.

James Spollen has been, to use one of the constitutional cants, badly advised. His conduct since he walked a free man out of the Green street Court-house has not been such as would tend to wipe away the doubts which, even according to his own admission in the dock, the trial left upon his character. He has made no attempt to prove his innocence of the crime with which he was lately charged. An innocent man, it is said, would surely do so, yet how is it to be supposed that a guilty man would have so great a regard for truth as to wilfully continue under suspicion rather than deny the act? In any case the idea of exhibiting himself on the boards of a theatre was most unwise, and we are glad to say the attempt to raise a Spollen fund by such means totally failed. At his first exhibition at midday, on Tuesday, his audience was composed of two or three reporters, as many policemen, and a few persons of respectability who had come only for the purpose of extracting from him, if possible, a full account of all he knew about the murder of Mr. Little, or falling in that, with the intent of putting a stop to the disgraceful proceeding. He was asked how it happened that his wife was able to point out the spots where the money was secreted, but he would not answer the question, or any others of a similar tendency in a straightforward or satisfactory manner. He would deliver no narrative whatever connected with the crime of which he had been acquitted, but requested the sympathy and the contributions of the gentlemen present to enable him to leave the country, an appeal to which no one present responded, but all soon left the place in disgust. Later in the evening, the doors of the theatre were opened again for another exhibition, which proved little better than the former. On the next evening Spollen, though he had promised to exhibit for a week, did not make his appearance. The few persons who had collected at the appointed hour in front of the theatre, were likely to question quite as vigorously as those of the previous evening and pay nothing. The plan therefore was abandoned. Mr. Spollen entirely mistook the tastes and sympathies of the Dublin public, and we trust they may never be invited to a similar entertainment.—*Nation.*

Henry Davis, Esq., county coroner, held an inquest at the bottle works, Ringsend, on the body of a gentleman named Richard T. Scott, a native of Limerick, who was drowned in the river Dodder. On the evidence of Mr. W. Irwin and Mr. W. Harris, it appeared that they saw the deceased walking along Water lane, Irishtown, in the direction of the river. He continued his course across Fitzwilliam quay and fell into the Dodder. The witnesses called out to him, but he took no notice of them. He struggled until he got into the middle of the river, when he sank and was drowned. The jury returned the following verdict: "We find that the deceased, Richard T. Scott, was drowned in the river Dodder, at Ringsend, but whether he stepped in by accident or otherwise they cannot say, no sufficient evidence being laid before them whereon to find." On the police making inquiries, they discovered that Mr. Scott had been residing in Irishtown for some days before his death. He was a widower, and formerly an iron merchant in Robert street, Limerick. He had recently passed his examination for cadetship in the constabulary, and was in daily expectation of his appointment. He was apparently about 28 years of age, of fine appearance, and bore a very high character. The remains of the unfortunate gentleman were removed by his friends for interment.

A very accurate and handsome map of the county and city of Dublin has lately been published by Mr. C. Carmody, C.E., Surveyor and Valuator, 18 Bolton street. There are, in fact, two maps on the sheet; one is of the county and city, showing distinctly the baronial and other divisions, the villages, railways, and roads; the other is of the city on an enlarged scale. Both are very clearly drawn and lettered, and are colored in the best style.

Fermanagh.

The *Fermanagh Reporter* has the following: "Wednesday, on Doon Mountain, in the parish of Knockninny, about 1,000 men collected, armed with pikes, scythes, and guns, and fired volleys up to the house of Counsellor Maguire, J.P. A party of the police proceeded to the place with loaded carbines, and when within a short distance of the collected party, three of a deputation of the assembled party met them, and requested half an hour to consult before they (the police) would go nearer to them. Mr. Maguire granted the half hour, and during that time all dispersed quietly."

The Newry and Enniskillen Railway, notwithstanding the opposition given to the bill for extending the powers of this company, and also extending their line from Newry to Armagh, has passed the House of Lords, and a large number of shares are being taken by the commercial community in this and the adjoining counties, which speaks well for the advantages likely to accrue to the public from this line being opened up to Armagh. We have heard from all quarters of the accommodation the above line will afford to this part of the country, and also to the inhabitants of Armagh and other towns.—*Impartial Reporter.*

Galway.

His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam visited Joyce Country recently, and after Mass he addressed the congregation. On the following day he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the parish of Cong to 400 individuals. Many of those were very young, and before receiving the Sacrament his Grace examined them in the Christian Doctrine. He then congratulated the parishioners on the noble stand made by them against those who labored in vain to seduce them from their faith. He called upon them to persevere in their religious habits, and to place themselves under the patronage of the Immaculate Mother of God, and to strive to imitate daily her virtues.

Arthur Hill Curtis, Esq., A.M., of Trinity College, Dublin, has been appointed to the Professorship of Natural Philosophy in our college, vacant by the resignation of Professor Stoney.—*Mercury.*

Kerry.

J. Dudgen, Jr., Esq., for many years connected with the National Bank of Ireland, as teller, has been promoted to be manager of the Killarney branch.

Kilkenny.

One of those fearful party riots which once so terribly devastated our land, occurred recently at Urlingford; and which, if it had not been for the prompt interference of the constabulary, and the wise measures adopted by Mr. Kirwan, the magistrate of Castlecomer, serious consequences might have ensued, and many a tear might have been shed by families now over the death of some relative. The history of the matter appears to be, so far as we can gather, as follows: Early on the morning of Saturday, a number of Tipperary farmers and their men came to Urlingford to attend the fair which took place that day, and it happening also to be a holiday, the place was unusually crowded. A quarrel ensued between one of the people of Tipperary and one of the Urlingford folks, which arose to high words, but beyond this nothing further transpired. As the day, however, wore on, it was evident there was little cordiality existing between the people of either town, and this became soon manifested in something stronger than words. Taking advantage of the absence of the police at the other end of the town, the two parties attacked each other with determined ferocity, and inflicted upon several partizans, on either side, a number of severe wounds. The arrival of the police put a stop to the affray, but even their presence only operated as a momentary check. Amidst a shower of stones, they again rushed on each other, and fought desperately with their *shillelaghs*. After considerable difficulty the police separated the combatants, and arrested four of the principal ringleaders, who will be tried at the next Kilkenny Quarter Sessions.—*Journal.*

Another recruiting party has made its appearance in Kilkenny, consisting of a serjeant and two privates of the 2nd Queen's Own. The Lancers have also a party recruiting, so there are now no less than three regiments actually engaged in beating up for volunteers. We are given to understand, out of twelve recruits last week, only one passed the medical inspection. The corporal examination, notwithstanding the present exigencies of the war, seems, at all events in Kilkenny, to be a rigid one.—*Ibid.*

Limerick.

His lordship, the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, has at length completed the long and laborious task of appealing, himself in person, to the people of each and every one of the country parishes of his extensive diocese on behalf of his new cathedral church. So great a labor was considered at first too fatiguing and too severe for one of his lordship's years, but his lordship undertook the labor, and went through it with an energy, an indomitable perseverance, and a burning zeal that few of younger years could manifest, and with a success that none could accomplish.

Mayo.

The annual examinations of the students of St. Muredach's Seminary, Ballina, were recently held, and their answering afforded ample evidence, not only of their own unwearied attention to their studies, but also of the assiduity and ability of their professors. The examinations were conducted by his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Feeny and the professors of the seminary, and constituted a valuable and unequivocal test of the genius and industry of the young aspirants to honors. Their prompt and correct answering in various branches of science and literature could only be the result of constant study and close application on their part, combined with vigilance and ability on the

part of their professors. But it is not alone the sound, practical education imparted that one admires. The perfect order and regularity observed by the pupils, their politeness and gentlemanly demeanor, which appear in all their actions, are most striking. These form the theme of unqualified admiration of all, and are the source of the highest gratification not only to their friends and acquaintances, but to all the inhabitants of Ballina, as week after week they admire a fine-looking, joyous and contented body of youths taking their walk through the town or along the banks of the Moy.

There has been no little comment on the conduct of the High Sheriff, touching the exclusion of the name of George Henry Moore, Esq., from the grand panel of the county. It is remembered that his honored father was the first Catholic that held the office of High Sheriff in this county since the days of Elizabeth, and from his year of office till July last the name of Moore was not missed off the panel of grand jurors. No one who is acquainted with the standing of the parties on the panel can fail to discover a wonderful disparity between the position of some of them and that of Mr. Moore. A gentleman of any pretensions to political morality would shrink from an act so far beneath the dignity of contempt as that of removing, during his year of office, a political opponent from the position which his birth, education, and property all alike qualify him to adorn. It is surely an act of which even Fitzgerald Higgins, Esq., High Sheriff of Mayo, should feel ashamed.—*Telegraph.*

Tipperary.

A deputation, consisting of the following gentlemen—Messrs. Francis O'Brien, J.P., chairman; N. V. Maher, J.P., Turtulla; D. K. Commins, treasurer; George Bourke, secretary; Matthew Quinlan, Archibald Cooke, William Molony, Laurence Counsel, and William Ryan, Rafanna—proceeded from Thurles to wait on the Very Rev. Dean Cantwell, at Cashel, to present him with an address and a purse containing 157 sovereigns. The deputation proceeded in a beautiful open carriage belonging to Mr. O'Brien, the chairman, and on their arrival in Cashel were most warmly received by the Very Rev. Dean. The address was read by the chairman of the deputation. It was lithographed in the most beautiful style by Marlow, Brothers, of Dublin, and was most gorgeously framed. The purse, which was presented by the Ladies of the Presentation Convent of Thurles to the Testimonial Committee, was of white satin, embroidered with gold bullion. It was a most beautiful article, and reflected the gaeatest credit upon the good ladies who so kindly presented it. In the evening the band, with a large concourse of people, came to serenade the worthy dean, and as the deputation drove off, after spending a most agreeable day, they were loudly cheered by the assembled multitude.

T. T. Abbott, Esq., coroner, held an inquest at Shallees, near the silver mines, on the body of Edward Gleeson, one of the men employed in the mine works, who met his death under the following circumstances: He was employed to raise out of one of the shafts, by means of a windlass, the water collected at the bottom. When they had cleared the water, it was the custom to put out the candle, and lie down to rest on the brow of the hole. On this occasion deceased had only awoke after a short sleep, and was about to light the candle to resume work, when, the night being dark, he missed his footing and was precipitated to the bottom, a depth of nearly 100 feet. Murry, his comrade, hearing the splash, shouted to the men who were working below in the pit, but they were too far down and did not hear him. He then ran to the forge, and, on getting assistance, returned to the shaft, which he descended for some distance, and after repeated calling, the men who were underneath heard him and raised deceased, but he was then quite dead. There was about two feet and a half of water where Gleeson lay. He was a very inoffensive man, and he leaves a wife and three children to lament his untimely end.

Michael Carroll, a farmer, residing near Borrisokane, and his wife were absent from their dwelling, leaving the three children alone in the house, when the clothes of the youngest, only 13 months old, took fire on the hearth. The other children, who were only six and four years of age, made instant alarm, and although the mother came immediately to its relief, and procured Dr. M'Garvy's attendance, the child died from the effects of the injuries.—*Nenagh Guardian.*

An altercation took place in Nenagh between some tailors, arising out of a previous quarrel at a hurling match. A scuffle ensued, and in the melee a man named Michael Molony received a punctured wound in the thigh, as if inflicted by the point of a scissors blade. Two of the tailors named Cleary and Manogue have been arrested for the offence. Molony was conveyed to the hospital, where he now lies.

The mutilated remains of a full grown male infant were discovered in a field close to the railway line at Tinvoher, near Templemore, on the 15th of August. An inquest was held on the body, but the jury having no evidence to inculpate any one or to prove whether the child was dead or alive when born, returned a verdict that the birth of the child was concealed by its unnatural mother, who is at present unknown.

Tyrone.

A carman, named M'Anally, was killed by a bank of earth falling on him at Warren, near Dungannon. When the occurrence took place he was employed filling his cart with sand. The deceased has left a wife and seven children.

Waterford.

The show for 1857 of the Royal Agricultural Society has opened here under most favorable circumstances, and may with certainty be pronounced successful in every respect. The arrangements are admirable, and reflect the highest credit upon the local committee, comprising many of the principal citizens and landed gentry of the county, who have spared neither labor nor expense to render their portion of the work as complete as possible, and on all sides testimony is borne to their public spirit.

The people of Waterford owe a debt of gratitude to the worthy Mayor, John A. Blake, M.P., for his great exertions in their benefit. He has succeeded in making a Park for the people and in having the best Show of Agricultural Implements ever exhibited in Ireland. As a sample of the good such things do, we may mention that the amount of money paid to tradesmen for erecting sheds, &c., was over £1,200.

Westmeath.

A most interesting discovery of two kist vaens—each containing human remains, and one of them an urn of baked clay in addition—has been made by Mr. Richard Murray, of Mullingar, in a field close to the residence of his brother, Thomas Murray, Esq., of Dysart. The greater portion of that part of the country is rich in raths or military forts, and tumuli or barrows, two of which, namely, the large one of Castletowngeoghegan, fully 50 feet high, and a smaller one a few fields off, on the estate of Sir F. Hopkins, are both visible from the site of the Dysart sepulchral mound. Caves of Cyclopean construction also abound, some of which are open, and the sites of others sufficiently indicated by tradition, and the appearance of those immense rough, primitive flags cropping up above the surface, which invariably cover the apices of those chambers. For a length of time, what might be the contents of its interior occupied the waking thoughts and nightly dreams of our esteemed antiquarian friend, Mr. Murray, who long since would have dived into it, could he have been lucky enough to obtain any peasant sufficiently hardy to assist him in his search. However, the *experimentum crucis* was accomplished, Arthur Nugent, Esq., of Clonlost, who accompanied him, turning the "first sod," after which the work sped bravely on. The earthen portion of the southern end of the cairn and some cartloads of small limestone boulders being removed, two rough, irregular, primitive, or "surface" flags came into view, one on the eastern, the other on the western side of the tumulus. They are exceedingly rough and irregular in their outlines; from 3 feet 4 inches to 3 feet 7 inches in their greatest lengths, which are diagonals, about 2 feet 6 inches in their greatest breadths, and from 2 inches at their edges to 5 or 6 inches in depth at their centres. Removing the western or limestone flag, it was found to have covered some remains of calcined bone, evidently human, a portion of a shinbone being distinguishable, a few small pieces of charcoal, and some ashes and clay, resting on a table or flag of sandstone, which showed signs of having been subjected to the action of fire. The second, or sandstone flag being removed, a kist vaen was exposed. It contained the remains of a human skeleton, evidently interred, or rather enkisted, in a sitting posture, with his face to the north-east, together with a beautifully shaped urn of baked clay, which must originally have been placed in the lap of the solitary inhabitant of the kist vaen. He was one of the long-headed race, the form of whose skull and the contour of whose features has been so graphically decided by Dr. Wilde, in his "Beauties of the Boyne and Blackwater." The greater portion of the lower jaw, sharp at the chin and wide at the angles, is in a state of very great preservation indeed, and contains teeth beautifully white and regular, and perfectly free from decay, and evidently belonging to an individual of no more than thirty years old at the utmost. The thigh and leg bones were lying in a north-easterly direction, and around and beneath them were the remains of the hip bones, the shoulder-blades, the vertebræ of the back and some of the finger-bones, and a portion of the tusk of a wild boar. The eastern sepulchre contained another skeleton apparently similarly enkisted, but with the face to the south-east, and strangely enough, too, belonged to quite a different family to that contained in the opposite chamber—namely, to the globular-headed race, and from the portions of the skull and bones of the face that remained, must have been the possessor of a most beautiful and symmetrical head, indeed. The teeth of this skeleton shows it must have reached rather a mature age, nearly sixty most likely, if not more, as the crowns of the incisors are rather worn, and the tubercles of the molars absorbed. They are not so beautifully white as the teeth of the younger skeleton, and are coated down to their necks with tartar, but with that exception alone are all perfect and quite free from disease.

O'CONNELL IN LIMERICK.

John Hogan's second grand statue of O'Connell has been worthily inaugurated in Limerick, at a civic *fete* which did not lack the Irish elements of eloquence and enthusiasm. The old ecclesiastical dignitaries, and Catholic squires, and civic potentates who upheld the Tribune, were well represented there—and the massive people, whom his Titan tongue used to sway, as the wind sways the waves. It was a striking scene, as the veil parted, and the bronze figure of the old Liberator took its stand as the tutelar statue of Limerick. There is a peculiar historical fitness in the act, which sets the image of O'Connell up against the Old Stone, which memorials the Treaty whose violation he redressed.

Perhaps, no part of that memorable meeting would have revived the old man's heart so much as the eloquent and touching speech of Lord Dunraven. There was in it not merely so keen and kindly an appreciation of his character—but such a genial goodness of nature, and such a lofty spirit of faith. Surely, talents so high and a heart so gentle are not to be always buried in the happy glades of Adare. The man who spoke so of O'Connell's labors, has in him the call to a nobler *role* than Charlemont's.

Why is it that every one you speak with feels that the capital of Ireland has not yet done adequate honor to the memory of O'Connell. In our civic assembly, stands the grandest statue that ever was, or perhaps ever will be, executed in Ireland—the majestic Agitator of Hogan. The civic, the tribunitial, the national aspects of his character, seemed to be amply honored in the statue and in its site. Near his grave, the tall round tower, conspicuous all over the city, seems to connect the ashes of the last great Irish chief with the departed glories of the ancient Milesian State. But it is the Catholic character of O'Connell that is not honored, and that ought to be. Why, ask many, is there not a mortuary chapel, at the least, dedicated to his memory in Dublin? We are sure that for such a design the money would be amply and easily raised. We are sure five hundred Irish priests would be found to volunteer to take their share in its services. Some day or other, this is a work that will be done. Why not now?—*Nation.*

ENGLAND.

Military Flogging at Maidstone.—By virtue of the sentence of a district court martial, at the cavalry depot, Maidstone, (President, Colonel Balders,) a private of the 12th Lancers, underwent the infliction of fifty lashes. His offences were, being out of barracks when room guard, and stealing a gold pencil case and watch key, the property of Private Harper, belonging to the same regiment. Being found guilty of all the charges he was sentenced to receive fifty lashes, to be imprisoned with hard labor for six months, and to be dismissed the service with ignominy. Forty-six lashes had been inflicted when Col. Griffith (commandant of the depot) ordered him to be taken down, and the other portion of the sentence be carried into effect.

A Toad in a Boy's Stomach.—A boy nine years of age, named Jonathan Micklethwaite, son of William Micklethwaite, farm laborer, Alverthorpe, near Wakefield, parted with a toad. The reptile, which was alive, was put into a basin of water, and has since become much swollen. Its body now measures about three and a half inches long, two broad, and in color is dark brown streaked with black. The boy for some weeks past has been worn almost to a skeleton, and was perfectly ravenous in regard to food, constantly eating, and never seeming satisfied. The medical attendant on the family says the boy must have swallowed the toad in the spawn.

Liverpool Catholic Y. M. Societies—Monthly Report, July, 1857.—Number of members, 2,069; added since last report, 55; number at communion, 1,262; number of sick, 6; deaths, 3; receipts, £40 6s. 7 1-2d.; expenditure, £30 0s. 11d.

The beautiful manor of Holcombe Rogus, which for several generations was in the family of Bluett, has been purchased by the Rev. W. Rayer, of Tiverton, for £85,000.

Messrs. Waterlow, the stationers, have erected a telegraph, of a single wire running along the tops of the houses, between their establishments at London-wall and Birchin-lane. The wire is one-third of a mile in length, and has cost, with all the apparatus, about £40. Mr. Sydney Waterlow, who has carried out the novel idea, has done so with the further view of showing how the same system may be adopted in connection with a plan of police and fire telegraphs throughout the metropolis.

Mr. Cardwell was entertained at dinner by his Oxford constituents. The banquet, which was attended by more than a thousand persons, took place in a marquee erected in the meadow adjoining Magdalen Waterwalk. Mr. Cardwell, in his speech, alluded to Indian affairs, the apportionment of public expenditure to public resources, and the promised Reform Bill, declaring his principles to be those of a moderate "advancing Liberal."

Lady Lyttleton died at Hagley Hall, Worcestershire. The deceased lady was second daughter of the late Sir Stephen Glynne, Bart., and sister to the present baronet and Mrs. W. E. Gladstone. She was married to Lord Lyttleton in 1839, and leaves issue twelve sons and daughters.

The first stone of the new lighthouse for the Needles has been laid near the south-west edge of the Lower Cliffe, Isle of Wight, and is expected, when completed, to be of great advantage to the merchant service, as it will be visible thirty miles from land.

The Guards have chosen their monument, and the site for it. Mr. Bell is the selected artist, an obelisk a hundred feet high the form, and the inside of Grosvenor gate, Hyde park, the locality. Mr. Bell gets £3,000 for his work.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

August 14, at the Friends' Meeting House, Eustace street, Dublin, Gabriel Fisher, son of the late William R. Unthank, of Limerick, to Margaret, daughter of the late John Merrick, of London.

August 12, at Rathfarham Church, Sadleir Stoney, Esq., barrister-at-law, of Kildare street, to Elinor, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Luby, S.F.T.C.

August 11, Mr. John Conaty, of Dublin, to Wilhelmina, daughter of the late James Keightley, Esq., J.P., Riverview, county Westmeath.

August 11, at Modreeny, Edmond Lombard Swan, Esq., of Allworth, in the Queen's County, to Annie Jane, daughter of the Rev. Travers Homan, rector of Modreeny.

August 12, at Bryansford, county Down, Charles W. Shaw, Esq., of Belfast, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late J. Hunter, Esq., M.D., of Bryansford.

August 12, in St. Malachy's Catholic Church, Belfast, by the Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, Bishop of Down and Connor, F. Herbert Suckling, Esq., Lieutenant in the 65th regiment, to Lissie Anna Mary Joseph, daughter of the late William Latham, Esq., M.D., Antrim.

August 12, at Skreen, in the county of Sligo, Francis William Smart, Esq., M.D., to Henrietta Catherine, daughter of the Rev. Edward Nangle, rector of Skreen.

August 13, at Ballee, John Raphael, Esq., of Belfast, to Emily, daughter of the late John Rowan, Esq., of Ballywarren House, county Down.

August 13, at Loughlyn, county Roscommon, the Rev. N. Magrath, of Galtrim glebe, county Meath, to Cordelia Anne, daughter of the Rev. Harloe Fleming, of Loughlyn glebe.

August 13, at Drumbeg, Thomas H. Keown, Esq., Surgeon in the Royal Navy, to Eliza, daughter of John Harrison, Esq., of Lisburn.

August 13, at Lisburn, county Antrim, Daniel S. Mutlow, Esq., of Chepstow, Monmouthshire, to Eliza, eldest daughter of David Beaty, Esq., of Lisburn.

August 14, at Charleville, Patrick Wallace, Esq., M.D., to Miss Teresa Clanchy.

DEATHS.

August 11, in Lower Baggot street, Dublin, Eliza, relict of Pierce Carrick, Esq., of Larch Hill, co. Clare.

August 13, at his residence, 12 Bull alley, James Kennedy, aged 62 years.

August 14, at his chambers, Trinity College, Dublin, Michael Hayes, Esq., aged 68.

August 16, at City quay, Mr. John Ryan, aged 71 years.

August 14, at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Baggot street, Maryanne Cassidy, in religion Sister Mary Cecilia.

August 15, at Charlemont mall, aged 79 years, Deborah, wife of the late James Martin Pike.

August 16, at her residence, Wellington quay, in the 61st year of her age, Elizabeth, relict of Mr. George Langdale.

August 18, at East road, North Lotts, in the 19th year of his age, after a protracted illness, George, the beloved child of Mr. Thomas M'Dermott.

August 19, in Dublin, in the 55th year of his age, George Percy Magan, Esq., of Portarlington, fifth son of the late Arthur Magan, Esq., Clonearl, King's Co.

August 17, at Kingstown, Mary Isabella, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Elliott, of Crumlin glebe.

August 18, at Kingstown, Samuel Charles Stanley, Esq., of Fortescue terrace, Rathmines.

August 7, Sir John Augustus Hugh Boyd, Bart., Royal Navy, of Drumawillan, Ballycastle, co. Antrim.

At Goresbridge, aged 90 years, Lieutenant N. Bishop, of the Carlow Militia.

August 11, in Cork, Mary Anne, eldest daughter of John Fitzgerald, Esq., barrister-at-law.

August 12, at Rosseanna, near Athlone, Lieutenant George D. Murray, of the Royal Navy.

August 12, Anne, wife of Patrick Frazer, Esq., of Carbery, county Kildare.

August 13, at Innistiogue, county Kilkenny, Godfrey Greene, Esq., formerly Lieutenant in the 48th Bengal Native Infantry.

August 16, at Springfield, Parsonstown, John Palmer, Esq.

August 15, at Mountmellick, of consumption, after a long illness, the beloved wife of Mr. John Corcoran.

August 15, Sally, wife of Thomas M'Cullagh, Esq., of Derrysalley, county Monaghan.

August 17, at Kilcormack glebe, county Wexford, Editha, daughter of the Rev. George Jones.

August 17, Margaret, sixth daughter of George Shackelton, of Grisemount, Ballitore.

August 9, at Weston-Super-Mare, Somersetshire, Miss Elizabeth Calthurst, formerly of Danesfort, Killarney.

August 13, in London, Henrietta Christiana, fourth daughter of Robert Maunsell, Esq., of Lakelands, county Dublin.

August 8, at Chiswick, O'Bryen Woolsey, Esq., late of the Admiralty, London, second son of the late T. Woolsey, Esq., of Castle Bellingham, county Louth.

August 8, aged 68 years, the Rev. John Anderton, Catholic Priest, of Singleton, Lancashire.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

AN ICELANDIC VOLCANO.—In the year 1783, the Island of Iceland was terribly devastated by an eruption of Skaptaa Jokul, one of the most noted volcanoes on the globe. A few days before it took place, the customary premonitions were perceived by the inhabitants. Loud sounds were heard within the mountain, dense clouds of smoke encircled the summit, the earth groaned and trembled, and springs and streams of water were dried up. The river Skaptaa, which had been much swollen, suddenly disappeared, leaving dry a wide, deep channel which it had been ages in hollowing out. Its depth in some places was from four to six hundred feet, by two hundred feet broad. The next day a current of lava rolled down the mountain side, and took the direction of the river. Down, down the fiery mass still rolled, until the vast channel was filled to its edge; but the molten flood stayed not, and at length it overflowed the surrounding plain, embracing in its burning folds towns, villages, and people, who had not been able to escape its fury. It reached in its course a lofty cataract, over which it fell with deafening detonations, and filled in a few days an enormous cavity, which the river had been centuries in wearing away. For fifty miles it flowed unresisted, when it reached its great antagonist, the sea, and a fearful contest ensued. The waters boiled furiously for miles around, killing multitudes of fishes, and casting them up on the shore, to decompose and fill the air with loathsome vapors. In the eruption and the earthquake which succeeded it, thirteen thousand Icelanders lost their lives, and in the two following years, the resulting famine and pestilence destroyed nearly seven thousand more.

THE TEMPLE OF SILENCE.—In a secluded part of Malabarhill are two dakhams, or temples of silence, surrounded by walls; none are allowed to enter the gates but Parsees. They are common round stone towers without roofs, and to those temples the dead bodies of Parsees are brought, and left there to be devoured by the vultures and other beasts of prey. The place is well chosen for this melancholy purpose. No dwelling is near, nothing heard but the waves beating against the rocks on the Western shore, or the leaves of the Palmyra-palm cracking as the wind passes through, nothing seen but large vultures flying from palm to palm. Inside the large roofless towers are stages or stories of stone pavement, slanting down to a circular opening, like a well covered with a grating, into which the bones are swept after the birds have done their duty. On the upper tier are placed the bodies of men, on the second tier those of women, and on the lowest those of children. The vultures are always on the alert, seeming to know by instinct when a funeral procession approaches; and it is not long after the body has been placed in the temple that the birds are seen hovering over it; should they first attack the eye of the dead person it is considered a favorable omen for the soul. The reason the Parsees assign for not burying the dead is, that receiving so many blessings from the earth, they consider it defiled by placing dead bodies in it. They give a similar reason for not adopting the Hindoo practice of burning the dead, which they argue would defile the pure element by fire.

RABBITS IN PARIS.—One of the most serious popular questions of the French capital is the real origin of the innumerable rabbits consumed in the small restaurants and gargotes of the town and suburbs. An incident which occurred a few days ago throws a most unsatisfactory light on this important subject. It appears that in the night the police suddenly pounced on three individuals who were engaged in the streets in a general massacre of cats. Two of the three men escaped, but a third was captured with his game-bag full. It appears from the confession he has made that cat-hunting is a most prosperous and remunerating profession; his system and that of his friends was to throw out a ball made of liver and other tempting materials, which never failed to attract stray cats; a well-trained terrier dog was then let fly at the victim to gluttony, who was held down by the sagacious dog until the hunter could fly to the spot and terminate matters with a heavy club. The same ceremony was then performed in another street with equally satisfactory results. The proceeds of the night's battue was disposed of in the morning, according to the prisoner, to the said restaurants and gargotes. There is evidently no limit to the commercial enterprise of the million.

VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.—The Viscount de Lery, who has just died at Spa, served as a ball for fortune to kick at, during the course of his long and chequered existence. He inherited an enormous patrimony, which he squandered in Paris; living in gorgeous splendor, his horses, mistresses, dinners, and suppers being the objects of universal wonderment and admiration. Having got to the end of his tether, he was "abandoned of his velvet friends," as is ever the case, and in this desolate, destitute condition he wandered to London, where he picked up a precarious subsistence, as a supernumerary at the Princess's Theatre, at a shilling per night. Whilst in the enjoyment of this limited income, he received news of his kinswoman, the Duchess of Plaisance, having died in the East; but as she had disinherited him, and as he might have found some difficulty in establishing credit with a tailor, he did not go into mourning. The next mail brought him news that the Duchess's library, containing her will, had been burned just before her decease. He accordingly came unexpectedly into another immense fortune, which he had to share with the Duchess's co-heir, the Duc de Valmy.

GAMBLING IN PARIS.—The police having received information that an actress, of 35 Faubourg Montmartre, kept a clandestine gambling place, effected an entrance into her apartment, and found a great number of persons engaged at play. These persons were of the class usually found in such places—professional sharpers and lorettes, together with some young men of good family, who, of course, were destined to be cheated. There were also present two ladies of respectability, one the sister of a general, and the other the wife of a merchant, who had been enticed into the place. The latter, who comes from Provence, was greatly scandalized on being told the sort of company she was with. "I am addicted to gambling," she cried, "I admit it—it is a fault I have! But I am rich, and can afford to lose. To be found amongst sharpers and loose women is a terrible thing—I would sooner have died." And in a rage she proceeded to smash the furniture, and it was not without difficulty that she was prevented from doing great damage. The police arrested the keeper of the place and seized the furniture; all the other persons were allowed to leave on giving their names and addresses.—*Galignani.*

CHILDREN IN OUR STREETS.—A number of children, varying in age from eight to fourteen, are every evening sent into the streets (they go in pairs) for the purpose of enticing boys of their own age to accompany them to their homes, where the parents of the girls ill-treat and plunder them. To particularize. There are two children, aged twelve and fourteen respectively, who every evening leave a house in Hart street, Covent-garden, with instructions to join in play with others more innocent than themselves, and finally to entice them home to a house of ill-fame. They may be easily recognized; the elder is an attractive little girl about fourteen, dressed in light attire, and her companion, who appears about two years younger, wears a dark brown dress. Two evenings ago a little boy, of respectable parents, was unfortunately induced to accompany them home, and from the account he gave I can only say that the loss of nearly everything of value that he had about him was the least part of the evils he had to detail.—*London paper.*

DRESS OF THE SOLDIERS.—An officer at Calcutta writes: "I cannot help again making mention of the way our countrymen are dressed. My room is rather a cool one, and I keep the hot air shut out after the sun has risen, or rather I close the doors directly when it begins to get warm, but the thermometer will stand at 90 and 92. I see the men of the 64th and 84th, and, in fact, all regiments just arrived, are clothed in the tunic, the same as they wear at home. Fancy what the heat must be—fancy what discomfort; and then the cloak and sixty rounds of ammunition! I cannot help feeling for them. The men suffered fearfully out in the Crimea from the weight put on their backs, but what must it be in a much hotter and more trying climate in every way? It is such absurd folly, dressing a man here as he would be at home, when the very sight of a cloth coat gives an unpleasant sensation.

CURIOSITIES OF THE RETURNS OF MARRIAGE.—A girl of fifteen was married to a boy of fifteen; six girls of sixteen were married to youths of sixteen; a lad of sixteen was married to a girl of eighteen. A widow of seventeen laid aside her weeds for a second husband aged seventeen, while no less than 207 widows of twenty were wedded to bachelors of the same age. Two widowers of twenty-five forgot their griefs in a second union, one with a lass of fifteen and the other with a girl of sixteen. A venerable widow of eighty was induced to re-enter the matrimonial state by a widower of the mature age of sixty, and a spinster, who owns to seventy years, accepted the hand of a widower of sixty-five. An old bachelor of seventy-five was converted to matrimonial views by the charms of a spinster of sixty. An immense majority of marriages took place at the age, in both sexes, of twenty.—*Registrar General.*

GENEROSITY AND JUSTICE.—The *Gateshead Observer* announces that the Marchioness of Londonderry lately purchased £2,000 worth of Bibles, which she distributed amongst her workmen, and adds that upon the occasion of a colliery explosion in England, her ladyship procured 3,000 copies of tracts, which she presented to the sufferers. We suspect that in the latter case the price of tracts in penny rolls and warm petticoats would have been a much more useful offering; for the tracts, however good in their way, could not well allay the pangs of hunger or keep out a feeling of the cold in winter. A prayer or a blessing is an exceeding good thing, but it is more than doubtful whether a bowl of broth or a crust of bread would not suit better the half-famished beggar that comes to one's door, and be in the circumstances a more charitable dispensation to him.

RUSSIAN GENERALSHIP.—In a very sensible letter on "Our soldiers' dress in India," a correspondent of the *Times* quotes the observation of a military authority who remarks, "that the first duty of a general is to bring his men fresh into the battlefield." The Russian generals are in the habit of observing this rule after a fashion of their own. On the field of battle their men usually advance so very fresh that they may be said to come up briskly.

SALE OF A WIFE.—One of these immoral and illegal transactions was recently completed at Worcester. The agreement between the fellow who sold and the one who bought is thus in the Worcester *Chronicle:* "Thomas Middleton delivered up his wife, Mary Middleton, to Philip Rostins, and sold her for one shilling and one quart of ale, and part wholly and solely for life, not to trouble one another for life."

ARMAGH CATHEDRAL.—This great work being now near its completion, the primate and building committee have arranged that a public dinner be given to the reverend gentlemen who have exerted themselves in collecting funds for this great national work both in this country and America. The object of the celebration is to thank the collectors, and, at the same time, give expression to their gratitude towards those many kind friends who by their liberality have aided the work. The lively interest so generally felt in the undertaking warrants the expectation that some of the prelates and a large number of the reverend clergy will be present on the occasion. The dinner will take place at the Charlemont Arms, Armagh. His Grace the Primate will preside.—*Ulsterman.*

THE HEAT OF THE WEATHER IN BELGIUM.—While the summer in America has been cool, the "brave Belgians" have needed all their courage to enable them to stand, if not fire, at least heat. On the 4th ult., at the Royal Observatory, Brussels, the thermometer reached 20 deg., Reamur, or about 101 deg. Fahrenheit—the highest it has risen to since 1763. By which we learn that of late months the temperature has taken to going into extremes on the other side of the great pond, as here. In connection with this we learn the death of a young girl in Brussels from drinking cold water—an event so rare in Europe that we have seen it cited in an English work as something occurring occasionally in "North America."

DEATH OF ONE OF BUENS'S COTEMPORARIES.—At Whitesmuir Smithy, Old Cumnock, on the 21st ult., died Janet Meikle or Hutchinson, in her 89th year, full of days, and ripe for the sickle of the grim reaper, whose harvests extend through all time. Her father was one of the bard's ploughmen at Mossgiel, and "Wee Davock," whose precocity is chronicled in the "Inventory," was her brother. Both her father and mother died of fever when the father was in Burns's service, leaving Janet, then a girl not more than 15 years of age, with the cares of a family of several members pressing upon her young heart. "Wee Davock," then a mere child, was Burns's close companion.—*Ayr Observer.*

GRAND CELTIC GATHERING.—The first grand national gathering of the Glasgow Celtic Society—the programme of which embraces two days—took place in the College Park, under the most auspicious circumstances. The weather was delightful, and the proceedings attracted an immense concourse of spectators. The office-bearers and members of the society met in George square, where they were joined by the Chief, the Duke of Athol, his son, the youthful Marquis of Tullibardine, his Grace's Highlanders, about forty rank and file, with their officers, the competitors and deputations from other societies, all, with three or four exceptions, in Highland costume.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND "PUNCH."—The Emperor Napoleon is said to have taken a small revenge lately of his tormentor, Mr. *Punch.* A member of the firm of Bradbury & Evans, the printers of that periodical, sent recently a copy of their beautiful work, illustrative of Native Printing, to the crowned heads of Europe, the Emperor Napoleon among the number. Courteous acknowledgments and presents arrived from every country but France, but the volume sent to the ruler of that nation was sent back spoiled with fingering, and without any thanks to the publishers for their courtesy in inviting attention to it.

PALACE OF JULIAN THE APOSTATE.—Most of our readers are aware that there exist in Paris the ruins of a palace built by Julian the Apostate. From demolitions of houses which have recently taken place, these interesting ruins have become quite isolated; and, what is more, it has been discovered that a subterranean passage runs from them towards the Seine, which is at some distance, so that it is probable that, as has always been suspected, subterranean communication existed between the palace and the river.—*Literary Gazette.*

A WHITE SPARROW.—A sparrow, milk white in color, was caught last week in the Deanery Gardens, in this city. It was at first supposed to be a Canary, which had escaped from its cage. We regret that it was so much hurt in being removed from the birdlime by which it was entrapped, that it did not survive. We saw the bird when dead in the possession of Mr. James Fielding, County Infirmary.—*Kilkenny Moderator.*

DESERTION OF SWISS TROOPS.—The *Independente* of Turin states that five Swiss soldiers having deserted from Naples, arrived at Tortoli a few days ago in a state of great exhaustion from want of food. They had made their escape in a small boat with but a scanty supply of water, had been several days at sea, and encountered dangers. They had been sent to prison until further orders.

IRISH RING MONEY.—A curious and very valuable specimen of this money, consisting of a round solid bar of gold, beat nearly into a circle, and weighing 13 1-2 ounces, has been found by a poor man in a quarry near Fermoy. The workmanship is very rude, no attempt having been made, apparently, to smoothen or polish the exterior.

DISPUTE BETWEEN THE DUTCH AND ENGLISH IN INDIA.—The *Pays* states that the governor of the Dutch possessions in India has protested against the occupation by the English of a group of islands on the confines of the Dutch possession in the Indian Seas. The Dutch assert that these islands have belonged to Holland since 1680.

SPOLLEN'S COTTAGE.—The Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, accompanied by Mr. Kemmis, Crown Solicitor, on Thursday visited the Terminus of the Midland Railway, and proceeded to Spollen's cottage, which is still in the care of the police.

A great sensation has been caused at Oporto by the discovery of extensive frauds in the wine trade. It appears that mixtures to represent port wine are manufactured in England and Hamburg, and sent out in ships to Oporto, when by means of falsified certificates the mixtures are imported into England as port wine. About 3,000 pipes of these mixtures are now in London. Ten pipes of the mixtures have been seized by the customs at Oporto on board a ship from England. The captain declared he had the pipes on board to merely give the wine the benefit of a sea voyage. The mixture has been tested, and found to be a composition of bad alcohol, molasses, and the essence of tar. There can be no doubt but they would have been imported to England, and sold at the veritable production of the Douro shipped at Oporto.

An extraordinary accident occurred at Bruges lately. As some men were at work at the tower of the church of Notre Dame, the lightning struck three of them; it penetrated the heart of one, passed through his body, down one leg, and out of the sole of the foot, carrying off part of his shoe; it struck another in the forehead, above the left eye, passed through his body and went out by the abdomen. The two men were of course killed instantaneously. The third was so injured that his life is considered in danger.

The mutineers at Delhi have cast aside the British red and come forth neatly dressed in white lunghi and jacket, with a crimson sash. Their pouches are made of buff leather, and their arms are either those of their former regiments, or rifles picked from the government stores of the Delhi magazine. They fight bravely, and come up to the muzzles of the guns, and, ammunition expended, sometimes stand flinging stones in default of their missiles.

A telegraphic despatch from St. Petersburg states that a Russian force from Astrabad, in the south of the Caspian Sea, had landed on the Persian coast of that sea, and destroyed the village of a tribe of Turcoman pirates. The pirates had carried off a Russian courier, who was restored to liberty by the expedition, as well as several other Russian and Persian prisoners.

The heat is stated to be excessive in all parts of Spain; in fact, the summer is represented as the hottest in the memory of man. A singular phenomenon had occurred at Vich, near Barcelona. After insupportable heat on the 22nd of July, a storm of hail fell, and did great damage to the crops in the neighborhood.

A respectable tradesman of Penzance, England, was seized lately in the dusk of the evening by a party of blackguards, tied to a lamp-post, and severely scorched with fireworks and other combustibles. The only cause that could be assigned for this outrage is, that the subject of it has become a Catholic.

Protestant bigotry has again won the day in Sweden. Even the limited proposals for a reform of the laws referring to creed, in particular that obnoxious law which enacts that whoever abjures the established Lutheran creed is to be expelled the country, have all been rejected by the Diet.

A Polish correspondent of the *Fankfort Journal* says: "It is strongly suspected in the Kingdom of Poland that some of the officers and soldiers who have recently been dismissed from the Russian army with a year's pay, have gone to join the mutineers in India."

The *Journal of the Two Sicilies* states that the eruption of Mount Vesuvius continues, and that the lava is flowing very slowly, following the direction which it took in 1855. It is generally thought that the eruption will be but a short time.

Sergeant Wallace, of the 84th Regiment, after seventeen years' faithful service, has, by the sentence of a court-martial, been reduced to the ranks for drinking a glass of wine with a private in a hotel at Chatham.

The *John Bull* thinks that if the marriage and divorce bill, as it stands at present, should pass the House of Commons, and by the royal assent become law, there is likely enough to be an open rupture between church and state.

General J. Orgond, the Frenchman who stirred up the last Burmese war against England, has embarked at Marseilles for Egypt, with a view, it is conjectured, of joining the Sepoy insurgents in India.

A Sergeant of the 11th Hussars, stationed at Hounslow, committed suicide by cutting his throat first and afterwards the arteries of his arms. His father and grandfather died by their own hands.

The *Courrier Franco-Italien* states that the remains of a press which Guttenberg used to draw off his first proofs has been found at Mentz. It bears the date of 1440.

The widow of Roustan, the well-known Mameluke of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, has just expired at Versailles, at a very advanced age.

Over two hundred extra hands are engaged at Woolwich arsenal, preparing cartridges and munition for the troops going to India.

Merrion Square, Dublin, is designated Pill lane, from the number of resident medical men in that locality.

In Calcutta revolvers fetch from 150 to 180 rupees each.

HOME MISCELLANY.

RUM DID IT.—The St. Paul (Minnesota) *Times* thus details the source of all our Indian troubles: "We do not claim any original discovery when we assert that alcohol is the stimulating and direct cause of four-fifths of the crimes among Indians, as it is of four-fifths of the crimes among white men. If the government would inflict a heavy penalty on any one who sells the fire-water to the red man, and then deputize a vigilant force to carry that law into execution and enforce that penalty, there might be a hope of something like perpetual peace. Indians may smoke their kinnikinik in a calumet, but a drink of whiskey is an emblem of contention and crazy wrangling. There is four times the need to-day for the government to station troops along the frontier to prevent a set of vagabonds from pursuing this everywhere nefarious traffic, and putting to the lips of the poor Indian the cup that shall make him mad, than for the suppression of any real hostilities. This is the key to all our frontier difficulties. We sell to the wild and benighted savage something that makes him drunk, then we send government troops to bayonet him because he don't keep sober."

AN INDIAN REPUBLIC.—An article copied from the St. Paul's *Advertiser* is passing the rounds of the papers, giving a glowing account of a little Indian State or Republic. It consists of about twenty-five families of Dakotah Indians living upon the head waters of the Minnesota river forty miles above Ridgley. Forsaking the tribal condition, these people have organized a representative system of government, in which all the males participate. A President and Secretary are regularly elected. They have a constitution and a written code of laws in which personal and property rights are defined and protected. These Indians are described as dressing in the costume of the whites, the hair cut short, and paint and rude ornaments discarded. They live in small but neat houses, such as are common on the frontier settlements. Each has an enclosure of four or five acres tilled with the usual implements of gardening and farming. The women engage in household duties, while the men attend to the outdoor work. This Indian organization is called the Hazlewood Republic.

THE INDIANS IN FLORIDA.—The Indians are few in number, perhaps two hundred; of these fifty are warriors, the rest women and children. All are half starved, and the warriors are very poorly supplied with arms and ammunition. It would be folly for them to come to a pitched battle with the United States troops under these circumstances, or even to make anything like an effectual attack. They lie concealed in the hammocks, stealthily procuring food from their patches of potatoes, pumpkins, corn, and beans, and from the streams which abound in fish, and when the hammock is approached by scouts they at once plunge into the glades, which are covered with saw-grass higher than their heads and filled with water and mud from knee to waist deep; and it is only by pursuing their trail through this morass of saw-grass, mud, and water that any of them are ever taken. Most of the prisoners yet taken are old gray-headed men, women and children—*Savannah Georgian.*

ABROAD.—This year we perceive a greater number of Americans travelling in the old world than at any period previously known. They are rushing up the Rhine, through the Mediterranean, across Mount St. Gothard, peeping at volcanic craters, cutting their initials on the pyramids of Egypt and pocketing rusty bits of iron, said to be found on the heights of Inkerman. Our countrymen really are at present spreading themselves fearfully for their patriotism among the powers and potentates of the Eastern hemisphere, and are paying, of course, pretty high for the peeping penchants. Provided they all return with untainted republicanism, and with no outrageous foreign airs, there is no harm in our citizens seeing how the other half of the world wags.—*Ibid.*

SHARP PRACTICE AT NIAGARA FALLS.—Mr. Webster, of the American Hotel, at Niagara City, was formerly a resident of her Britannic Majesty's province of Canada, but moved suddenly into the United States, leaving his creditors to whistle for $12,000. And that was not all. He was in the habit of visiting Clifton on the Sabbath day, at which time he could not be arrested. Recently a reward of $2,000 was offered to any person who would place Mr. W. in the hands of the Canadian authorities. On Sunday last Mr. W. visited Clifton as usual, when a Mr. Peck evinced great interest in that gentleman's welfare, by treating him liberally till he became intoxicated, when it was a very easy matter to get up a dispute with him, which resulted in a fight, and Mr. Webster was arrested for disturbing the peace. Of course the only object of the whole affair was to have him detained until the following morning, when he was again arrested as an absconding debtor.

A YOUNG LADY WORTH HAVING.—The Fall River *Star* relates the following incident: "A horse which had been left by his owner standing in the rear of the market, feeling thirsty, started for the pump for a drink, but his check rein would not permit him to bend his neck to the trough. A young lady, whom we recollect to have seen before, passing at the moment, and observing his difficulty, promptly stepped forward, unhitched the rein and passed on as she supposed unseen. We will wager a year's subscription to the *Star* that that young lady makes some happy fellow a good wife. A deed of kindness is always commendable, even though conferred upon nothing but a dumb beast."

SUICIDE BY HANGING.—Mr. Miles Sill, a farmer about 45 years of age, who resided in Murray, hung himself last Thursday. In the morning he started for his work, requesting his wife to send him during the forenoon his usual luncheon. Nothing unusual was noticed in his demeanor or looks. As soon as his absence from his work became known a search was instituted, and he was found in the barn near the house, suspended from a beam. His feet evidently were drawn up to clear the floor, while the beam over him could easily have been reached with his hands, thus disclosing a deliberate determination upon his part to consummate the act. He was a farmer respected by all who knew him, and in comfortable circumstances, though for some time past he had been downhearted and desponding, owing it is said to the failure of his crops for the past and present years.—*Orleans Co. Republican.*

AN IMMENSE FORTUNE DISCOVERED.—An immense fortune left by Judge Leonard, a resident of Princeton, before the Revolution, the *Gazette* says, has been found by the discovery of some old documents to belong to others than the present holders. It includes a large quantity of land, now very valuable, the majority of which lies in New Jersey. Among other property are about 1,500 acres on Deep Run, towards Amboy; 10,000 acres at the head of Great Egg Harbor river; 350 acres in Princeton, extending from the centre of the town along both sides of the road towards Rocky Hill, now called Princeton street, and embracing some of the finest improvements; 600 acres on Cape Fear River, North Carolina, a valuable coal mine in operation on it, and property in various other locations. The heirs are very sanguine of obtaining the property.

A CURIOSITY.—The Selma (Ala.) *Sentinel* says: "We had in our office the other day a piece of silver coin, which is 1,750 years old. It was a coin used by the Israelites before the destruction of Jerusalem, and is a great curiosity. On one side of the piece is a figure of the Tree of Life, in Hebrew letters, the words 'Jerusalem the Holy.' On the other side is an urn, inscribed in Hebrew characters the words 'Shakel of Israel.' The coin must have been made before the fall of Jerusalem, which, if our recollection of divine history serves us well, was about seventy years after the birth of Christ. It is of a poor character of silver, about the size of half a dollar, and is worth, in pure silver, about fifteen cents. Mr. Eliesberg, of this city, who is the owner of it, informs us that it has been the property of his family near nine hundred years."

AN EDITOR DROWNED.—The Galveston *Herald* says: "We regret to learn that John M. Gibson, an old resident of this place, was lost overboard from a sail-boat in the bay. It appears that Mr. Gibson and a party of some two or three others had started at night from the house of Mr. Derrick to go to the house of Mr. Gill. Mr. Gibson was not missed till daylight the next morning, when a search was made, resulting in the finding of his body. Mr. Gibson was a native of Belfast, Ireland. He had resided many years in this country, and for a long time in this city, where he was well known, and at various times connected with at least two of the presses in an editorial character.

A SQUADRON AT BOSTON.—Quite a formidable array of battle ships are now lying in Boston. There are the Ohio and Vermont, ships of the line, each rating eighty-four guns; the Roanoke and Merrimac, steam frigates, each rating fifty-one guns; the sloop-of-war Cyane, twenty guns; and the brig Dolphin, twelve guns; making in all an armament of two hundred and ninety-four guns. The crew of the Roanoke have subscribed nearly $200 in aid of the "Home of the Fallen," a new institution in Boston, where inebriates are kept for reformation.

NEW LIFE-BOAT.—A newly-invented life or surf-boat has been tested at Cape May, in presence of a large concourse of people, invited by the managers of the several marine insurance companies of Philadelphia, and resolutions of decided approval have been adopted by the citizens of Cape May, and by the merchants and pilots assembled there. This boat cannot be capsized except purposely, and by the application of extraordinary power, and cannot continue in a wrong position except by the continuance of such power.

DEATH OF A SOMNAMBULIST.—A melancholy affair occurred at the Metropolitan Hotel, at Chicago, recently. Mr. Henry Blakesly, a young man of much promise, whilst laboring under a fit of somnambulism, jumped from the window of his room, on the fourth story, and fell upon the roof of one of the buildings on the premises, killing him instantly. Two other gentlemen were sleeping in the room at the time, and one of them, hearing a noise, awoke just in time to see him spring from the window in his night-clothes.

A TEAM OF ELKS.—A patent medicine vender of Rochester, appeared in the streets of that city, recently, in a new and elegant business carriage, drawn by a pair of fine elks. The elks, which are swift-footed handsome animals, are entirely tame, and well trained to their work. Although surrounded by a large crowd of gazers, they stood as fearlessly and calmly as a pair of ponies, and started obedient to the wish of their driver, without the slightest balk or hesitation.

GOOD WAGES.—A Schoharie paper mentions the novel fact that in consequence of the great want of help among the farming folk, females are receiving a dollar a day for assisting in the harvest. Yet big loafers in this section are complaining that they can find nothing to do.

FREAK OF THE WIND.—A very singular phenomenon occurred in Tinmouth, in the shape of a whirlwind which passed over the farm of Mrs. Esther Pratt, taking up in as compact a form as when raked, some half a dozen tumbles of hay, carrying them up to the height of some sixty or seventy feet above the highest trees, when they were torn into a thousand fragments, and went hurling upward till lost from sight. A few scattering straws fell in the yard of Mrs. Pratt, but where the main part of said hay went to remains a mystery, as nothing has been heard from it since it took its sudden departure.—*Wallingford Spy.*

The Frankfort *Yeoman* publishes the following secret circular to the Know-Nothing editors of Kentucky: "Dear 'Americans'—'Are you well?' How do you get along under the rule of 'foreigners,' 'papists,' 'Catholics,' 'beer-drinking Dutchmen,' 'foreign hordes,' 'Sag Nichts,' and 'anti-Americans' generally? Thought you said that 'Americans *must* rule America?' How could you make such a mistake? That 'great American heart' didn't 'beat any body in particular,' and that 'intense feeling' passed away like a cramp cholic. What is your opinion of the 'present aspect of American politics' about now? How many years do you think a foreigner should be naturalized before he is allowed to vote in a Know-Nothing precinct? What is your choice for the United States Senator? Can you inform us what particular persons are now being chased by the officers of Kentucky? Have you any new hats? Did you win any boots? How are your maternal ancestors? Who threw that last brick? Are there many of those 'foot prints' in your diggings now? Any election news of consequence? Hoping to hear from you at an early day, we subscribe ourself, yours, &c., Sag Nicht. P.S.—Who is on guard to-night?"

A fast young man, named Pressly McFale, died in New Orleans recently. He was a Kentuckian, only twenty years of age, and went to New Orleans last winter, full of youthful appetite for excitement, with a pocket full of money. He gave himself up to fast living, two items of which—wine and women—brought him down. It is said that from the time of his arrival to his death he squandered over $20,000. At last, when he became bloated with liquor and his money failed, the painted bawd who had helped him on to destruction deserted him, and refused to smile on him more. Exasperated, he drew his knife and attempted to kill her—he did slightly wound her—and then attempted to kill himself. Though he exhausted his means there, the luckless youth is said to have still owned property amounting to a fortune in his native State.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* has the following: "A well-known gentleman, and an old citizen, who was quite fond of dogs, and who usually kept several of them about his house, had one in particular that was much attached to him. Some months since the gentleman died suddenly, and from that time his canine friend evinced unmistakable signs of grief at his loss, and seemed utterly inconsolable. He would not eat with any degree of heartiness, and gradually pined away until he became a mere skeleton. He often manifested symptons of affection for a *robe de chambre* his master had been in the habit of wearing, and when permitted to lie down upon that article of dress, appeared as contented as he could be in his bereavement. The devoted dog grew thinner and thinner every day, and about two months after his master's decease, died of the same disease, and at the same hour precisely."

An honest backwoodsman, unacquainted with the slang phrases of the day, recently went into a store at Columbia, S. C. Stepping up to the keeper of the store, he began with: "Have you got any sugar?" "We hain't got anything else," was the reply, "Well, put me up one hundred and fifty pounds, and make out your bill. I'll call and settle and get the sugar in an hour or so." In an hour or two after this the gentleman called, paid his bill and got the sugar. As usual, the shopkeeper said: "Want anything else?" "I did want three or four bags of coffee, some rice, spices, oils, &c., but I got them at another store. You told me you didn't have anything else."

A Missouri farmer going to St. Louis market a few days since, discovered a man lying in the gutter of a house sound asleep. After much difficulty, he succeeded in rousing the wife of the slumberer, who was terrified on learning the perilous situation of her husband, and implored the farmer to rescue him. The roof has an angle of about thirty-five degrees, and to descend it was deemed hazardous to the sleeper. A ladder was therefore hurriedly procured, and the snoozer shaken out of his sweet repose, who was terrified beyond measure. It seems the man had rolled into the roof from a moveable shelf, upon a level with an open scuttle, upon which he had gone to sleep.

The Bridgeport *Standard* tells a good incident, illustrative of independence of character, as follows: "A number of ladies from Golden Hill were in a large saddlery establishment admiring some beautiful specimens of side saddles, when one of the young ladies was told if she would carry one home on her shoulder, in broad daylight, she might have her choice of the articles. The lady accepted the offer, shouldered the saddle, and carried it the distance of half a mile to her residence."

As a horse with a loaded wagon was passing the river in Gorham, N. H., the bridge gave way, and all went down into the stream, twenty-five feet below, but neither horse nor rider were injured.

Irving said that he was always afraid to open the first copy that reached him, of a new book of his own. He sat and trembled, and remembered all the weak points where he had been embarrassed and perplexed, and where he felt he might have done better—hating to think of the book, indeed, until the reviewers had praised it. Indifference to praise or censure, he thought, was not reasonable or natural. At least, it was impossible to him. He remembered how he had suffered from the opinion of a Philadelphia critic, who, in reviewing the Sketch-Book, at its first appearance, said that "Rip Van Winkle" was a silly attempt at humor, quite unworthy of the author's.—*Willis.*

Crime of all kinds is notably on the increase among us, and suicide keeps pace with crime. It is almost impossible to look through any day's issue of the principal journals of the country without at least meeting with one record of a self-inflicted death. The victims are found in all conditions of society, from the gray headed senator, full of years, and perhaps of honors, to the poor sewing girl who has not seen twenty summers, and of whose life the world knows nothing until she leaves it.—*Exchange paper.*

Memphis is rapidly spreading out, and the gaps and vacant places are being filled up. The Gayoso House is immense in proportion, and in the distance, when finished, will look beautiful. It will be *the* building and *the* great ornament of Memphis. Other buildings are progressing in other places, and we shall all wake up one of these mornings and find ourselves in a great city.

A story is told of the revenge taken by a Nantucket ship master, against a United States Consul who was very rarely to be found in his office, although upon his sign were the words, "In from 10 to 1." The indignant captain, after trying to find the Consul several days without success, took a paint brush and altered the official's sign so that it read, "*ten to one* he is not in."

A terrible hurricane passed over the town of Woodland, Wisconsin, destroying every house in the place. Mr. Fox, the Railroad Station Agent, was run over and instantly killed while endeavoring to stop a train of freight cars which the wind had set in motion. The telegraph lines were prostrated and the railroad track considerably damaged.

Mr. Samuel Dutton, of Fairmount, has two children, a boy and a girl, six and eight years old, which weigh, the first but 10 and the second but 12 pounds. They have grown only about one inch in height and gained a pound in weight since they were born. The parents are of ordinary size.

Human hair has been found in a well 52 feet deep, and not used, on the farm of Mr. Peck, in Johnson, Vt., and people think a young girl, who mysteriously disappeared last fall, was murdered and thrown into that well. Two young men, with whom she was last seen, left the country about that time.

The Staunton (Va.) *Vindicator* publishes a letter received by a gentleman in that county, signed "C. E. Leyton, box 688, Albany, N. Y.," offering to sell him bogus coin, so nearly resembling gold as not to be detectable, for $50 per $100. The letter is signed, "Yours, confidentially."

$2,000 in gold, recently robbed from the safe of the American Express Company at Quincy, Illinois, was found in a wood pile in which a rat had been chased, and which was torn down to catch the rat. The Company is still minus about $5,500.

Senator Rusk, whose melancholy death was recently recorded, was the son of a very poor Irish immigrant, who, when he came to this country, settled in South Carolina on land belonging to John C. Calhoun. He was a stone-cutter by trade.

It is proposed to hold a reformatory conference in Chicago, Ill., September 23d and 24th. The object will be to discuss the various topics connected with reformatory institutions throughout the country, especially schools for juvenile delinquents.

The Knoxville *Whig* is confident that East Tennessee will be able to sell two million bushels of wheat the present season. The farmers in the counties tributary to Hickman are likely to realize a million dollars from their wheat crop alone.

In the first Territorial Legislature of Alabama, the upper branch of that body, or the Senate, was composed of one member. James Titus sat alone in the chamber, and decided upon the acts of the lower House.

An English lady, by the name of Hopkins, was found dead in a well, in Temple, N. H., some two weeks since. It is thought by some she threw herself in, and by others that she fell in accidentally.

There is a paper published in Kansas called the *Geary City Era.* It has three editors; who are respectively a Democrat, Republican, and American. They take turns at it, advocating their own peculiar doctrines.

Next winter, for the first time since 1826 or 1828, a Legislature containing a Democratic majority, will assemble at Frankfort, the Capital of Kentucky.

An exchange paper says that a wreath of black walnut leaves suspended in a room, will drive out flies, and that they will not enter the room again till the wreath is withered.

Two young men, Clark and McLaughlin, are raising a company of men in Nashville to go to Nicaragua under Walker. They had better stay at home.

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NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 12, '57.

RELIGIOUS DIVISIONS AND POLITICAL UNION.

THE New York *Express*—a paper with which we have few sympathies in common—published in its issue of the fifth instant an article on Sectarian ecclesiastical divisions in the United States, *apropos* of the recent Presbyterian Convention at Richmond, which deserves to be widely circulated. In tone and substance it is a vast improvement upon the average lucubrations of our daily editors. It will set the people *thinking*. It is also noteworthy in this, that from beginning to end there is not an ungentlemanly allusion to Catholic belief, and not a sneer at Catholic practices.

The *Express* lays down the proposition that the union of States is a moral union, and that "the benign and gentle influences of Christianity—influences silent and unseen, amidst the warring of men's passion, and the bitter contentions of partizan warfare and sectional strife, may really and truly bind us together in brotherhood." Nothing can be truer. Our great inland water courses indicating common interests—the iron sinews of our railroads binding North and South and East and West—are at best natural ligaments which can be set aside by a resolution, or conventional thews which can be shrivelled up by a breath of popular displeasure. Compared with rivers like the Mississippi, railroads like the New York and Erie, mountain chains like the Rocky Mountains, the slightest precept of Christian doctrine, in its political effects, is as Sampson to a pigmy. A people bound together by a common interest and that alone, will dissolve their connection when the interest disappears; but Religion is a kedge-anchor which even outlasts the wreck of the political fabric, and acts upon its minutest particles when in the act of dissolution. The *Express* is, therefore, correct in its proposition, but beyond *its* limits we must walk hand in hand with it in the questioning Socratic method.

The *Express* charges the Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches, numerically the three most powerful organizations in the country, with "ecclesiastical or religious disunion which is to prepare the way for the destruction of our federal Union," and, "thanks God that split up as we may be in a hundred different sects, we have an Established Religion, and a common Bible." In other words, it means to say that these three religious societies are undermining the federal fabric by their contentions and differences, and that the Bible, *our* "Established Religion," is the most conservative influence in the country. The first assertion is a truism which cannot be contradicted. The last is an inference of the silliest kind.

Is not "the Bible" the prime subject and cause of the disputes between Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist persuasions North and South? Instead of being a bond of brotherhood, is it not a torch of discord, and an apple of enmity? Is it not on "Bible authority" that the one recriminates and the other rejoins—that the one blesses slaveholders and the other damns them? If not, on what then? Not on their individual opinion, for each asserts and concedes to the other an equal capacity for judgment. Not on anything else, for each is too methodical even in their madness to quote anything else against "the Bible," for *that* would be to knock the edge off the religious guillotine in which they hope to decapitate the dissentients to their opinions. "The Bible," in fact, is the primary cause of all their difficulties—the God-sent stumbling-block to all their felicity—the eternal loadstone which keeps them near enough to attract and strike bad feelings out of each other, but always, always, apart.

No! Mr. *Express*, the Bible is *no* conservative influence, or our sight and hearing are woefully at fault, and all the newspapers are reporting fictitious differences and urging on, or deploring the recklessness of, imaginary combatants on imaginary fields, from the quiet Vestry Room to the world-waking Convention. On the contrary it threatens, if anything threatens—to *not* "bind us in brotherhood" but "to split us up into a hundred (more diffierent) sects"—to leave not a single religious society in a corporate shape—to emasculate and pulverize every temporary fiction calling itself a "Protestant community" until nothing shall remain of it but the record of its slang-whangings and some venerable relics in the shape of "expelled" ministers too feeble to fight with their own doubts of all Revelation. We say it threatens to do so, and speaking plainly, it is merely a question of natural *pluck* whether it will or not. American Protestantism is logically doomed to knock its brains out on "the Bible" or to add hypocrisy to its failings and to hold "the Bible" aloft as the Ægis of the Union while secretly believing that it is only useful in the sense of a sunshade.

Now we hold these remarks perfectly consistent with our opinion that "religion" is a powerful means of sustaining the union of States. But as the *Express* may infer we also hold that there can be no "religion" without dogma, or, to drop the "religious" view of the question, no moral unity without dogma, and therefore no political unity of the kind contemplated by the *Express* as the product of religious unity or concord—which are two names for the same condition. In all this the *Express* agrees with us, or we have read its article wrongly. *Protestantism* is incapable of asserting dogma, and the conclusion is—apparent.

EMIGRATION AND ITS ABUSES.

THE reader will find a letter from Mr. Vere Foster on our 13th page in which he states his intention "to *personally superintend* in future the passage of all female emigrants entrusted to his charge." With the experience of his passengers by the *City of Mobile* before him—with the fear of similar instances of demoralization threatening—he could not have decided otherwise; and it only remains for us to commend his quick acquiescence in a proposal which, while it will go far to provide against the abuses of female emigration, will also reknit the popular confidence so much needed in all philanthropic enterprises of the kind in which he is engaged.

For ourselves, we propose to wage an unceasing warfare against the present "order of disorder" on board of our Merchant marine employed in the emigrant carrying trade. Owners of vessels trading to and from Liverpool seem to have settled into the belief that a good character is no requisite in the composition of an officer, and that he fulfils his duty when he lands his cargo and accounts for its proceeds. This is a most grave mistake. No man is fit for the responsible position of a captain, or can properly discharge its duties, who is not an example of moral self-government. Bad temper, ferocity to sailors, and the manners of a blackguard or a bully may be borne with in an officer, but a libidinous leaning in himself, or a guilty connivance at the same leaning in others, assumes an enormity in his person which elevates it far above the ordinary level of land lewdness. For the time being, he is the representative of society and the guardian of its interests. It entrusts him not only with the life but the morals of his passengers. He is armed to punish, within certain limits, transgressions against order or morality. Public opinion sustains him in all proper attempts made to that end. When he neglects or fails to regard the responsibility of his calling, his neglect or failure is therefore not that of a man or a stipendiary of this or that firm, but a gross breach of trust in a public servant and a flagrant outrage on the community. From this point of view every officer of an emigrant ship should be judged, and it behooves all persons interested in the success of Liverpool lines to see that he can safely submit to the trial. Otherwise, such a man is as much out of place on an emigrant vessel as a notorious pickpocket and burglar would be if he were placed to guard private property. Otherwise, the press which is peculiarly interested in the moral safety of emigrants, and the TABLET among the rest, will be forced to transfer its condemnations from the officer to the employer, from the servant to the master, and to aim at the purses, instead of at the consciences of the owners of emigrant passenger ships. Here is your choice, Gentlemen—employ only such officers as will enforce a strict moral discipline on their passengers and crews, or prepare to have your ships stigmatized by name as floating bawd-houses before the Irish and Irish-American public.

THE "ANGLO SAXON RACE" RUNNING OUT

EVERY humbug has its day. It carries about with it the seeds of its own destruction. It is brazen and invites notoriety. Notoriety comes and investigation follows. Then the humbug dies, is lamented by its dupes, rejoiced over by the public, and hid away from the daylight, at least for a generation.

Among the humbugs of modern times "the Anglo Saxon race" claims precedence, whether we consider the high honor in which it has been held, or the length of time during which it has received it. Since the war of 1812, in particular, it has enjoyed the benefit of the best society on both sides of the Atlantic. To name its friends would have been to name the leading writers, clergymen, politicians, and statesmen of the English speaking world. To doubt its right to pass unchallenged, would have been to cast an aspersion upon the historical acquirements and common sense of nearly all that had earned extended reputations for learning or wisdom. And yet its very success has been its ruin. It presumed to monopolize all the virtues of the age—it asserted its sole claim to the progress and enlightenment of society; and other races began to question its title to the former, and its pretentions to the latter. First in the list of combatants appeared the Irish Celts. They stuck their pens into it and its full blown importance dribbled out at every puncture. Its greatest friends felt ashamed of its hollowness, and were the first converted from complicity in its imposture. Its lesser lights paled, and flickered, and at last went out, in the stench of the discovery. So low became its *status* at last that even dishonest newspaper editors never mentioned its name without a tremor, and never alluded to its former credit without a sneer more or less explicit. At the time of writing it has become a reminiscence of the order of Phineas T. Barnum, and not a few who believed in it when it was in the full flush of its falsehood have learned to take the side of its opponents.

The last instance of conversion is a remarkable one. Massachusetts has been distinguished not more for its ultraism on certain political questions than for its foolish adoration of the "Anglo-Saxon Race." Its men of mind, from Webster down, have all fallen prostrate before the idol. Edward Everett and others with persistent superstition or a simulated earnestness, are yet on their knees before it. But the Hon. Isaac Davis knows and has learned better than these. He sees that "progress" of any kind was never a general Saxon feature. He has read that where the Saxon blood courses least adulterated, the debasement of the masses is most complete. So the Hon. Davis like an honest man, with Puritan blood in his veins and no doubt some Puritan prejudice in his head, after surveying the causes of American progress and perhaps studying the statistics of emigration, boldly declares his belief that "*the "rapid or progressive tendencies of the American people have their origin in their Celtic peculiarities.*" Nor does the Hon. Davis say so in a corner. He is too candid for that. He goes to Brown University which as the American world knows is presided over by Dr. Wayland who to be President must be a Baptist whether he will or not, according to the terms of its enlightened Charter. Valorous Mr. Davis! you have trampled on the preemption right of ignorance and "squatted" on the arid soil of Rhode Island intelligence, flinging most lucid light to the blinking eyes of "the descendants of Roger Williams."

The next subjects for our panegyric are two Scots, real Gaels, named Latto and Finlay, who issue and edit the *Scottish American Journal* in this city—a new publication, and one to which we wish a long life and abundant success. These gentlemen in the name of their co-emigrants (until a few weeks back unrepresented in the cis-Atlantic press) have raised an astounding negative to the "Anglo-Saxon Race" humbug. If we were not afraid of offending them we would say that they are Goths, or Saxons, in their ferocity. But the Celts are a freespoken and freethinking race and express themselves on every subject with the vehemence of apostles. So do Messrs. Latto and Finlay. Hear them in the number of their *Journal* before us:

"To an Englishman it must appear awfully absurd in us to claim for our countrymen any credit that may be due on account of the Cunard line of steamers, and most of the screw-propellers that are now threatening to monopolize the carrying trade of the Atlantic. Yet we go for facts, which are too stubborn to be set aside by all the ridicule that was ever born of roast beef and plum-pudding. The Cunard steamers and the majority of screw propellers afloat were built in Scotland, and any ridicule which may be thrown upon the assertion of this fact in opposition to the claims of England, is but the laughter of fools, and not much to be considered.

"We have now another fact which we proceed to state with great fear and trembling, lest John Bull, on hearing it, should lose temper altogether. We hesitate to make the announcement all at once, lest it should give our friend's nerves too great a shock; so we must break the matter gradually, as old Walton advises the angler to impale a worm 'tenderly and as if you loved it.' It relates to the Great Eastern, that wonder of the world, which, next to the Atlantic telegraph, is at present attracting the eyes of all nations. We said the other week that its captain and chief engineer were being taken from our steamers. But that's not all we have to say about it. Can you tell us, John, who built it? Was it a beef-eater, a cockney? No, friend, *it was a Saxney*, as we might have told you a fortnight ago, had we been very intent on monopolizing all credit for our countrymen, for Scott Russell we have long known to be a native of the land of cakes. And his workmen, who are they? A large proportion of them are Scotsmen, too. Who made the iron plates which form the peculiarity in the construction of the vessel? Why, a Scotsman, to be sure. They were manufactured at Glasgow. So the Great Eastern, after all, is a Scotch boat, like the Cunarders!

"Our own information on the subject is limited, but we understand that besides the great Atlantic Company, the European and Australian line is a Glasgow undertaking, though the starting point is Liverpool, being owned by the same capitalists as the Cunarders; while the rival of that company, the Peninsular and the Oriental, has in a great measure owed its success to the enterprising perseverance of the Scotsman who is at its head. All these are facts which, for the credit of Scotland, ought to be known, and we should like to see the Glasgow press take example from that of New York, and vigorously represent the great industrial energies of the locality, in place of presenting a dull and feeble reflection of the London papers, varied only by the town council meetings and police reports of St. Mungo."

So here you have the Scottish Celts "up for their own at last" with a vengeance in the matter of mechanical progress, and dispelling effectively the Anglo-Saxon theory of universal precedence. In an article entitled the "Scottish School of Art," Messrs. Latto and Finlay also show that while the Scottish Celts have produced the best biographers in the language, they can boast in the present day of the most eminent portrait-painters. Even in London, the artists who are now at the head of the profession in this department are Scotsmen — Francis Grant in life-size portraits, and Thorburn in miniature. Greater portrait-painters than either of these, however, are still to be found in their native country. Sir John Watson Gordon, President of the Academy, Colvin Smith, John Graham Gilbert, and Daniel Macnee, have no equals in portraiture anywhere. In the annual exhibitions of the

London Academy, the works sent by Watson Gordon are invariably the first of their class. In the department of figure subjects, the leading artists are Robert Scott Lauder, and his brother, James Eckford Lauder, Joseph Noel Paton, George Harvey, James Drummond, W. B. Johnstone, Erskine Nichol, John and Thomas Faed, and William Douglas, all Scots. Robert Lauder is deservedly at the head of one of the associations of London artists, though he resides in Edinburgh, where he is principal of the Life Academy. In short, in Art or Science, in the useful, or the beautiful, or progressive, if the Messrs. Latto and Finlay go on at their present rate of spoliation, the Pantheon of "Anglo-Saxon" greatness will be depopulated of every great personage except the renegade characters of the Irish and Scottish nationalities, whom it would be a disgrace to any race to acknowledge.

Now it may be said, and it is said daily, that there is no use in dragging the quarrels of European races for superiority into American literature, and we fully assent to the remark. American echoes should not be pestered with the war cries of rival European races, real as the Celt, or imaginary like the Saxon. American eyes should not be challenged from the pursuit of the world, the flesh, and the devil, to witness "Celt" and "Saxon" struggling over the remains of the great dead, or the great living, of either. Certainly not. But "Anglo Saxonism," as it is called, first played the bully and the boaster on this soil. *It* called out the quarrel by its blatant bellowing. *It* insisted on giving the Celts a bad name before their new acquaintances—and the melancholy story of "poor dog Tray" is an evidence that a bad name is a bad passport. The Irish Celts took up the gauntlet in self-defence. They gave blow for blow, but still in self-defence. And now the Scottish Celts take sides with them for the dear sake of a common origin, but still in self-defence. A year from this, and if American public men continue to throw off their partizanship with the braggart, and their patronage of the humbug (as the signs of the times protend they will) the "Anglo Saxon Race" will be decently coffined, and we will be the first to shake hands with anybody and everybody over its grave, and to proclaim a general amnesty.

THE "BROOKLYN EAGLE" AS A TRACT DISTRIBUTOR.—The Irish Catholic who conducts the scurrilous original columns of the Brooklyn *Eagle* feels too much ashamed of the shabby service which he is paid to perform to attempt a justification of the recent transformation of that sheet into a "tract distributor," and accordingly scolds "an individual named B. D. Killian" for calling public attention to it. The "individual named B. D. Killian" has no time to spend in retaliatory scolding, but entertains a most thorough contempt for that man who, born in Ireland and reared in the Catholic faith, can sustain a connection with a paper which takes advantage of its introduction into Catholic families to disseminate "sectarian rant, cant, and fly-sheet godliness." He further feels great satisfaction in the fact that several Catholic families in Brooklyn have acted upon his suggestion, and refused to receive the *Eagle* in its new character of souper's assistant.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF A NEW CHURCH.—On Tuesday, the 8th inst., festival of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York laid the corner stone of the new Church attached to the convent of the Sisters of Charity, now in process of erection at Font Hill, Westchester County. There were present several clergymen and a great concourse of people.

We see by the *Charleston Evening News* that Mr. W. T. Woodward of that city is appointed agent for Fernandez, Bombalier & Co.'s "Island of Cuba Express." Persons wishing to transact business with the "Queen of the Antilles" will find Mr. Woodward both trustworthy and efficient.

THE TENEMENT HOUSE SYSTEM.

A BILL has just been discussed in the British House of Commons relative to the abuses engendered by the tenement system in large cities of the Empire, but more particularly in London. During the debate upon it facts were elicited which throw into the shade even the Report of our own Legislative Committee on the, Tenement Houses of New York, published about a year ago. It appeared that, in Church lane, St. Giles', the population was 463, the number of families 100, and the number of bedsteads among them 90, the average being about five souls to a bed, and many rooms without water or drainage were inhabited by as many as 22 souls, while in one of the rooms containing 22 souls there was also a dead body! The condition, in fact, of these people was so revolting that a committee of the London Statistical Society conclude their report with the following summing up:

"Your committee (they say) have thus given a picture in detail of human wretchedness, filth, and brutal degradation, the chief features of which are a disgrace to a civilized country, and which your committee have reason to fear, from letters that have appeared in the public journals, is but the type of the miserable condition of masses of the community, whether located in the small, ill-ventilated rooms of manufacturing towns, or in many of the cottages of the agricultural peasantry. *In these wretched dwellings all ages and both sexes, fathers and daughters, mothers and sons, grown up brothers and sisters, stranger adult males and females, and swarms of children, the sick, the dying and the dead, are herded together with a proximity and a mutual pressure which brutes would resist*; where it is physically impossible to preserve the ordinary decencies of life; where all sense of propriety and self-respect must be lost, to be replaced only by a recklessness of demeanor which necessarily results from vitiated minds; and yet with many of the young, brought up in such hotbeds of mental pestilence, the hopeless, but benevolent attempt is making to implant, by means of general education, the seeds of religion, virtue, truth, order, industry and cleanliness; but which seeds, to fructify advantageously, need, it is to be feared, a soil less rank than can be found in these wretched abodes. Tender minds, once vitiated, present almost insuperable difficulties to reformation; bad habits, and depraved feelings gather with the growth and strengthen with the strength."

This is an appalling picture of city society in England, but it is also to a certain extent a picture of what is rankling round *us*. Here, in the heart of this great city, with its forests of masts, its millions upon millions of specie, its hundred benevolent institutions, squalid Poverty sits beside her stuffed pane, straining fœtid airs and Immorality as illicit as the beasts' festers foully. Nor can the poor be blamed. They have no choice. Any shelter is better than none, and even a common bed promiscuously filled, to those made reckless by misfortune, is softer than the city side-walk, or the State-bought boards of the House of Refuge. Blame our living money-bags whose thoughts run on illegal percentages—blame our legislators who permit them to make unconditional terms with the hapless—for the evils that take wing from the back slums of New York and make her a hissing and a bye-word. That father or mother never lived who, if he or she had a chance for preferring the partitioned and well-ventilated spaces of a comfortable home to the diny plots of space and air rented in garrets and cellars, would put their children and themselves into the piggery of the tenement-house, and anticipate without a throe the consequent demoralization of their offspring.

Need we again express the hope that the next Legislature will interpose between the ground city poor and the grinding city Landlords? If the Devil in his hatred of mankind ever suggested to the avaricious one means of destroying souls better than another, it was when he incited our men of capital to build tenement houses on the present models, and to let apartments in them, at the present rates.

The Rev. N. J. Perche, Editor of the New Orleans *Propagateur Catholique*, announces to his readers that he will cease to publish that journal from the 15th of Nov., owing to "the state of his health, which imposes upon him the necessity of renouncing his labors." Father Perche has edited the *Propagateur* for the last fifteen years with great credit to himself and benefit to the French Catholics of New Orleans.

THE TRIALS OF CONVERTS.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Sept. 4, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

SIR:—A few thoughts on the peculiar trials of those converted to Catholicity will not, I hope, be deemed out of place in the TABLET. It is a subject on which Catholics think too little, and thoughts may be presented to the mind in an humble way, which would otherwise never enter there.

One so fortunate as to be reared *in* the Church seldom realizes the trials and heart-burnings of an American convert to the Faith. Often, and usually, it is but an isolated member of a family, who in defiance of public opinion—disobeying the sacred commands, it may be, of a parent—tearing asunder all the loved associations of one's childhood—kneels a *stranger* before the Catholic altar. At first, in the fullness of one's joy at having stepped over the mighty threshold, there is little thought for else than thankfulness; and aside from the belief that this is the only true Church, there is so much to console one in her Sacraments—to charm one in her ceremonies—her temples—from the solemn Mass to the shrine where the poor penitent kneels in prayer—all is poetry:—

But the excitement has passed by—friends have become *somewhat* reconciled—the nine days' wonder is over—those who refused to speak to the newly made convert till *now*, vouchsafe a distant recognition, yet you feel that they treat you *differently*. Members of your own family are invited to the social gathering while *you* are left. You think, per chance, how pleasant it would be to have some of the loved ones kneeling beside you in the Church of your adoption—you feel alone! alone! How natural, then, for you are but human, to turn to those within the bosom of that Church for sympathy—how warm should be their welcome—how loving their words. Is it so? I fear not, and next to the estrangement from kindred and friends 'tis the greatest trials of the convert. It arises perhaps from carelessness, "for evil is wrought by want of thought," and perhaps from the impossibility of those born in the Church from entering into the feelings of the stranger. THEY have all the beloved ones with them—mother, brother, sister, kneeling side by side. THEY were born, perchance, on the same green isle—nurtured on the same hallowed soil. No differences of nation are there to produce misunderstanding, and they do not think of the solitary one whose heart bleeds at their coldness.

It may be thought that, in view of the great interests of Eternity, the Convert should be thankful, and accept the trials, as well as the blessings offered him. He should, indeed, if he *can*, but every one has not the vocation of a Religious, and if those born *in* the Church do not bear *their* crosses with patience, can it be expected that converts debarred from all *human* sympathy can take these peculiar, and, it would seem, *unnecessary* trials without a murmur? Their crosses are not those in Catholic countries "that make one breathe a prayer upon the spot"—they are not emblems—but stern reality.

How important, then, that the Catholic Priest and Father—whose people are his children—should be a Father indeed, to those—in a *social* point of view—so desolate. He is usually neither an American nor a Convert, and misunderstanding may sometimes arise, unless, indeed, he be like those immortal Jesuits, who became barbarians to draw souls to Christ, copying the manners and peculiarities of those about them—becoming in their maladies their physician and "all things to all men." Truly "beautiful upon the mountains were the feet of *those* who brought glad tidings." Oh! I would that there were more resembling them, or like one who said:

"Of the three hundred grant but *three*
To make a new thermopylæ."

I would that "three" could be given back to us, *not* from that brave band of which the Poet sung, but from that glorious circle of Jesuits who are now wearing the martyr's crown.

Catholic Priest! and you who have been so blest that in lisping childhood you learned to *unite* the dear names of Jesus and Mary, remember the convert! Even the rules of household hospitality proclaim "*stranger* to be a holy name," will you not then be hospitable to those who lose caste, and popularity, and all that is thought well of in this world—become in their childhood's home aliens, by entering the Church? They may gain a heavenly home, but 'tis a desolate world here. Oh! be kind to the convert and the stranger. P.

NEW BOOKS.

DRAMAS, by C. J. CANNON, author of "Poems, Dramatic and Miscellaneous," &c. *New York: E. Dunigan & Brother*, 371 Broadway.

This volume contains, after a pleasing "Prelude," "The Sculptor's Daughter," "Dolores," "Better Late than Never," and "The Oath of Office." Although the three former will well repay a reading, the last is, assuredly, the best effort of the author.

SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL, 2 vols. By MADAME LE VERT. *New York: S. H. Goetzel & Co., No. 117 Fulton street. Sold by Sadlier & Co., 164 William street.*

Madame Le Vert in these "Souvenirs" appears as an intelligent, imaginative, unprejudiced, and, therefore, pleasing writer. Two better filled volumes of light reading have not been placed on our table for months.

BOOKS RECEIVED BY STEAMER.

Just received by steamer from Europe, the following valuable and scarce works: The Speeches of O'Connell, Plunket, Sheil, Burke, Curran and Grattan; Abbe M'Carthy's Sermons; Gother's Instruction; the Spouse of Christ, by St. Alphonsus Ligouri; Appleton's Analysis of the Gospels; Donovan's Catechism of the Council of Trent; the Boyne and Blackwater; Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent; Gahan's Sermons; Captain Rock in Rome; Revelations of Ireland; and a number of other rare and valuable works.

D. & J. SADLIER & Co.,
Publishers and Importers,
164 William st., N. Y.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers who may receive bills will please attend to them immediately, as our terms are payment in advance. We intend making the TABLET a first-class paper, and we cannot do it without adopting, as far as practicable, the cash principle.

CALIFORNIA.—All those of our California subscribers indebted to us for the TABLET can send the amount of their indebtedness to Mr. M. Flood, San Francisco, who has consented to act as our Agent. He has the TABLET for sale.

NOTICE.—Wanted—A number of men, in the different States of the Union, to act as Agents for the TABLET, and for the sale of books. None but persons who can be well recommended need apply. D. & J. SADLIER & Co.

Those of our subscribers in St. Paul, Minn., indebted to us, will please pay Mr. Charles M. Boyle, Civil Engineer. We hope those of our friends in or going to the West, having anything to do in his line, will give him a call. See his advertisement on the 14th page.

NEW AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Travelling Agents.

RHODE ISLAND.—Mr. Joseph Eagan is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET in Rhode Island.

CANADA WEST.—Mr. P. Fahey is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET in Canada West.

Mr. James Doyle is authorized to canvass for the TABLET in Milbury, Mass., and other towns that he may visit.

Mr. John O'Malley will visit all the towns on both sides of the Hudson this and following weeks. He is fully authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET. He has a good assortment of books on hand.

SING SING, N. Y.—Mr. Thomas McClean, the gentlemanly proprietor of the "Stranger's Home," Sing Sing, N. Y., has consented to act as Agent for the TABLET in Sing Sing and vicinity.

Mr. James McGee is duly authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET in New York City. tf

Mr. John Graham is authorized to canvass and receive subscriptions for the TABLET in Chicago and vicinity. tf

NOTICE.—The Catholic Church at Tarrytown will be dedicated to the honor and glory of God on next Sunday, September 13. Service to commence at 10 1-2 o'clock. His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop will preach on the occasion.

INAUGURATION OF THE O'CONNELL STATUE IN LIMERICK.

[From the Dublin Freeman.]

One of the proudest and most spirit-stirring, and at the same time one of the most affecting and beautiful, scenes that have been witnessed in Ireland for many years has just passed off in this city of memorable associations. Some people appeared to think that O'Connell was forgotten in Ireland, and ostentatiously complained of the oblivion in which they said his memory was already enveloped, and of the apathy of Irishmen upon all subjects of national interest. If any who entertained such ideas were present in Limerick to-day how triumphantly would their unfounded misgivings on the Irish character have been refuted! The object of the day's proceedings, as the Irish public must be generally aware, was the inauguration of the colossal bronze statue of the Liberator, recently erected, through the national spirit of the people of Limerick, on one of the grandest sites of this city. It was fitting that a city of such celebrity in the history of Ireland, in all ages, should be first to pay this tribute to the memory of Ireland's greatest son of modern times. Our metropolis possesses not only the lofty monument that surmounts the grave of O'Connell, but also a noble statue of the illustrious tribune, although the latter does not occupy a position where it can always meet the public eye; but it has been reserved for Limerick to erect the first statue of the Liberator in her principal public thoroughfare, and to hand down to future generations, in everlasting bronze, the sculptured representation of the great man. The inauguration of this statue, the public and official transfer of its care and ownership to the popular and legal representatives of the citizens, and the demonstration of national love and gratitude which this ceremony evoked, formed the object of the proceedings of this day. Nothing that has yet appeared on the subject in the public press—no anticipatory notices of the ceremonial could convey an adequate idea of the general effect of the proceedings. Even those who have been most active in organizing these proceedings have been themselves astounded at the effect produced. It was originally intended that the inauguration should have taken place on the 6th of August, the birthday of the lamented Liberator; but, to suit the convenience of the trades, the ceremonial was postponed to this great Catholic festival (the 15th of August), when, after fulfilling all their religious duties, the necessary leisure might be at their disposal, and might enable their brethren from several distant towns to come in and join their ranks, and so, by a strange coincidence, the inauguration of this great work to the memory of the Liberator has taken place precisely on the anniversary of one of the greatest events in the whole history of his own greatest national movement, the never-to-be-forgotten monster meeting on Tara of the Kings. Some few who were present on the Hill of Tara on the 15th of August, 1843, were here to-day, and the scene to them must have been peculiarly touching and impressive. O'Connell had passed away, but his colossal representation in solemn bronze, like a being from another world, stood there before them; the popular shouts rent the air as they used to do of old, now not at O'Connell's voice, but for his memory; national banners were floating round the statue of the illustrious and lamented dead, just as they were at Tara; the national music was heard as then, and thousands and tens of thousands of warm Irish hearts beat again with national emotion as those of the men who were assembled on Tara did in 1843.

The concourse of people was immense. From an early hour trains on the different railways poured in their contributions to the throng, some of these from a very great distance—from the counties of Cork Kerry, Clare, Tipperary and Waterford. The Foynes Railway brought in thousands from the western extremity of this county as the Waterford and Limerick line did from the east! but, after all, those who could avail themselves of railways were but an imperceptible item of the myriads who filled the streets of Limerick that day. The ancient territories of Thomond, and Ormond, and Desmond sent in their thousands. The whole population of Clare would seem to have found its way this day to Limerick. And who would assemble to honor the memorry of O'Connell if they did not? It was cheering in the extreme to witness the comfortable and happy aspect of this vast assemblage of the farming population of the south of Ireland. It is true that they are not indebted for the smallest mite of their prosperity to our legislators, but Providence has been pouring out its blessings on them in the shape of a golden harvest, and in their manner and general appearance they show that they have not been undeserving of these benign favors.

The procession of the trades and corporation was fixed to commence at one o'clock. Almost immediately after the appointed time the congregated trades, with their bands and banners, moved from their rendezvous at Bank place, in Irishtown, and, halting opposite the City hall, were there joined by the Mayor and Corporation, who, dressed in their civic robes, and preceded by the civic officers, took up their place at the end of the long line of trades and temperance societies, preceded, at a short distance, by the fine band of the County of Limerick Militia, revived specially for this occasion, and dressed in their regimental uniform. The procession then proceeded along Patrick street and part of George's street, across Wellesley bridge, in the following order: First came the members of the Catholic Young Men's Society, with several banners; then a large group of trades' banners with a band; then followed in long line, and according to the usual order of the guilds, the trades of Limerick, with their respective banners, their numbers being largely increased by a multitude of their brethren from several distant towns. The following was the order of the trades:

The Tailors.—This body had two flags, one (the trade flag) was very pretty, representing Adam and Eve in Paradise at the temptation, with the motto, "There shall not enter into it anything defiled." The display by the guild was enchanted by a *tableau vivant*. The members of the guild all wore blue sashes, with white rosettes, and the body presented a most respectable appearance.

The Chandlers.—This guild came next in the programme, and were a respectable body.

The Coachmakers.—This body was preceded by a large flag, on which two horses rampant supported a shield bearing three chariots on the field—Motto, "After clouds sunshine." They wore crimson scarfs, bound with white, and carried white wands, tipped with laurel leaves.

The Tobacconists were represented by a very handsome flag, representing a native American in panoply, holding in his left hand the stars and stripes, and presenting in the right a plant of the "fragrant weed" to a female figure representing Erin which supports the opposite side of the shield.

The Bakers.—This body was preceded by a handsome flag of crimson silk, having in the centre a shield, the field scarlet; on the bar three pair of loaves; and above and below the insignia of the scales, wheat-sheaves, and implements used in the trade. Motto, "In God is our trust."—Date, 1765. The members of the guild had white hats and variegated rosettes. Their appearance was highly respectable.

The Smiths.—This body had a characteristic flag of very mythological conception. The Phœnix is represented rising rejuvenescent from circumambient flames. Vulcan, in dishabille, leans his crossed palms on his sledge, the head of which is on his anvil; and the father of the Cyclops and hypothetical patron of all smiths, looks tenderly at Thetis, who has apparently just sprung up from her ocean haunts in haste, to solicit armor for her strong rude son Achilles. The members wore scarlet scarfs and rosettes of red, white, and blue. They made a respectable display.

The Masons.—This respectable body had a very beautiful new flag of sky blue silk, the centre being white. The shield, which is supported by two masons, bearing a trowel, the one in the right and the other in the left hand, has on a scarlet ground, three towers, two in the upper compartment divided by a barred compass from the third, which occupies the apex of the lower division.

The Victuallers.—The principal banner of the victuallers guild was a large and picturesque one. The shield had three bulls' heads. The members of this respectable guild wore pink scarfs, edged with white, and carved ornamental wands, tipped with laurel leaves and shoulder knots.

The Harness Makers.—The banner of this guild showed two horses rampant, supporting a shield, which was surmounted with another horse, caparisoned in harness. Motto, "Our trust is in God." The members wore scarfs of crimson silk and white and red rosettes.

The Carpenters.—This guild was one of the most numerous in the demonstration. On the banner was painted a house-door, surrounded by a pediment, and at either side stood the Redeemer and St. Joseph, each holding an axe. Motto, "Honor and Justice." The members wore green scarfs, and presented a highly creditable appearance.

The Sawyers.—On the flag of this guild was emblazoned two male figures, holding square and rule, supporting a shield surmounted by the royal oak and lion rampant. Motto, "Through love and unity we subsist." The master and warden wore aprons, having miniatures of the flag of the guild, and all other members wore green silk scarfs, emblazoned with the bearings of the guild.

The Fishermen.—A very large body followed the insignia of this trade. The Shannon fishermen presented a most creditable appearance. On the flag preceding this numerously-attended guild, the figure of St. Peter was represented holding the keys, and on the other side St. Paul holding a scimitar, The legend of the shield was the miraculous draught of fishes with a view of the sea. There was the scroll with the title of the guild, "The Ancient Fishermen of St. Francis Abbey." The members wore green silk scarfs with cross keys and fish embroidered in gold on the breast.

The Shipwrights.—This guild was preceded by a large flag on which two sea eagles were the supporters of a shield emblazoned the Noah's Ark, surmounted with dove and olive branch. The mottoes were *per mare per terram*, and "Union of sentiment is the strength of society." Each member wore a green scarf, and the master an apron with a miniature of the flag. A highly creditable display.

The Cordwainers.—The flag of this guild had for the supporters of the shield Crispin and Crispiana. On the fold of the shield were three coars' heads, and above was a goat *passant*. The members wore crimson scarfs, and had aprons with a miniature of the flag. The device—"If God be for us, who is against us."

Coopers.—This guild had a very nice flag—the shield of which was supported by two horses; on the shield were casks and hogsheads, with a view of the sea and a ship in the offing. The motto was—"Prosperity attend the integrity of our cause." The members wore green aprons, with the tobacco leaf emblazoned thereon, white rosettes, and green and white scarfs.

Painters.—the flag of this society was a very creditable effort of pictoral art. The legend represented St. Luke at an easel, engaged in the portraiture of a Madonna and child, using for color the blood of an ox, which lies at his feet. In the distance appeared the ruins of a Grecian temple. The members wore blue and white sashes, and white rosettes.

Nailors.—This body wore black aprons suspended by red silk sashes. On the aprons were emblazoned the hammer as the distinctive badge of the trade. They wore red, white and blue rosettes.

Slaters and Plasterers.—The distinctive flag of this guild exhibited blue and red tigers supporting a shield, on which is quartered the implements of their trade, with the city arms, above the shield rose two arms, holding hatchet and trowel.

Stonecutters. — Two supporters with a shield, on which were depicted three towers and the city arms. The device was, "We will raise a temple to the Most High." The members of the guild wore blue silk scarfs, and they had a second flag of the same legend as that already described. This body appeared to much advantage. All the members wore aprons, on which were depicted well-executed miniatures of the flag of the body.

St. Munchin's Young Men's Society.—The Rev. Terence M'Mahon, O.S.A., walked at the head of the St. Munchin's Young Men's Society, whose spiritual director he is, and at either side of him walked the secretary and president of the society.

The Pipemakers.—This body wound up the line of the trades, and were preceded by a flag, the device of which was, "Let brotherly love continue."

The Strand Fishermen.—This body was represented by five able-bodied fishermen who manned a fishing gondola, and were dressed in nautical costume—blue trousers, regatta ganzies, and straw hats. The gondola was drawn on a caravan and decorated with evergreens, and looked pretty.

Several religious and temperance societies joined in the procession, a remarkable feature of which was the very large number, nearly a hundred of handsome flags that were carried at intervals along the line.

Then followed the large vehicle conveying the militia band, which has been already noticed, and next came:

The Corporation Regalia—
Sergeant at Mace,
The Mayor's Constables,
Town Councillors,
Aldermen,
Town Clerk, the Mayor, Treasurer, and Law Adviser,
The High Sheriffs—county and city,
The Members of Parliament—county and city,
The Chairman, Treasurers, Secretaries, and Committee of the O'Connell Testimonial, wearing rosettes of white satin ribbon;
John Hogan, Esq., the Sculptor.
W. E. Corbett, C.E.; Wm. Wallace, Esq., Architect.

Trades' Banners: The Right Honorable Earl Dunraven, The Inaugurator. Trades' Banners.

A very large number of clergymen, walking two deep, followed, and their presence so appropriate and expressive on the occasion, was hailed everywhere with pleasure and veneration by the people.

A multitude of respectable citizens, also walking in processional order, came after them, and the rere was brought up by countless crowds of the people and a long line of vehicles, filled with the families of the citizens and neighboring farmers.

In this order the procession advanced along the North Strand, on the Clare side of the Shannon, to the foot of Thomond Bridge, where the scene became peculiarly interesting. In the immediate vicinity of the memorable treaty-stone, a whole grove of trees were transplanted from some of the neighboring woods, and their branches were decorated with festoons of flowers, and bright pieces of drapery bearing appropriate mottoes. Close by, also, was the place decorated by the fishermen of the North Strand, one of the most popular bodies, it is needless to say, in Limerick or its vicinity. Across the river a line of small boats, carrying flags, were moored, and the gay and beautiful appearance of this scene was the more conspicuous from its contrast with the gloomy towers of the celebrated old castle at the opposite extremity of the bridge. Passing along with the gay banners and stirring music and cheerful faces of the procession we advanced across the bridge and through the old streets of the English town, now enlivened with the fresh foliage of the trees planted during the preceding day at the principal points along our route, and over Ball's Bridge into the Irish town, where the trees, and garlands, and festoons, and inscribed banners became still more numerous, the venerable thoroughfares of Broad street and John street, assuming almost the aspect of a Parisian boulevard. Spanning one of the principal thoroughfares leading from Clare was a piece of drapery, with the well chosen motto of "Men of Clare, remember '28."

We have now arrived at a point, the historical associations of which are the most interesting of all that Limerick can boast of. We have reached John's Gate—the site of the celebrated breach in the town wall, which the women of Limerick helped to defend successfully against the troops of William, and which all his veteran regiment failed effectually to storm. Here also are the still blackened fragments of the Black Battery, on which five hundred men of William's regiment of Brandenburghers were blown into atoms by an explosion of gunpowder, in the very midst of the terrible storming scene that was going on in the neighboring breach; and the few men of whom that escaped are described by the Williamite historian as looking like furies from the regions below, all black from the sulphurous blaze which they had survived. How different was the scene on that memorable spot to-day! The roar of cannon was again heard there, it is true, but it was only from a saluting battery of two field pieces, admirably worked by some of the men of the late Limerick Militia Artillery who had plied their guns with capital effect and great rapidity, to greet the passing procession in honor of the great, peaceable, and legal asserter of Ireland's rights. At this point also the procession passed under a fine triumphal arch, composed of trees of still living foliage, and garlands of flowers, intermixed with inscriptions well suited to the scene, such as—"August 27, 1690"—(the date of the famous defence of the Walls of Limerick)—"The Women of Limerick"—"Altars Free—Emancipation—1829—O'Connell."

The procession now filed in front of the new Catholic Cathedral of St. John's, one of the noblest of the edifices which the revived spirit of Ireland is raising in our times to the worship of the Living God. This majestic pile, which is already far advanced, could not be described in the few words that could be devoted to it here. Suffice it to say, that it belongs to the grandest style of Gothic architecture, and stands in a large open space, where its fine proportions will be seen to the best possible advantage.

From this point the procession passed down William street into George's street, and advanced in the midst of vast crowds to the Crescent where the statue stands. At half-past three the procession commenced filing round the platform, upon which the banners of the trades were then grouped with beautiful effect round O'Connell's pedestal. The Mayor of Limerick then took the chair, with the Earl of Dunraven at his right hand, and Mr. Sergeant O'Brien, M.P., at his left, the members of the Corporation, and an immense array of clergy, gentry, and citizens thronging around. The effect of the scene at this moment was exceedingly fine. The crowded platform, the statue, and the grouped banners we have already noticed, the vast expanse of George's street, extending as far as the eye could reach, was filled with one living mass, and the windows of the lofty houses around were crowded with fashionably-dressed ladies, the brilliancy of whose appearance can best be described in one word—that they were the ladies of Limerick

When the Mayor had taken his seat, Caleb Powell, Esq., Clonshavoy, rose amid loud cheers, and, on the part of the committee, called on the Earl of Dunraven to inaugurate the statue.

Lord Dunraven rose amid loud cheers. The noble earl said—Mr. Mayor, I beg to hand over to your custody, as Mayor of this city, and to the custody of your successors, the statue which I now request may be unveiled.

The statue, which up to this period was veiled with a dark green covering, was unveiled, and disclosed the statue of the great tribune in a most commanding attitude, grasping in his left hand the roll of the Emancipation Act, and his right hand raised in front of his breast in the attitude of demonstration. The figure is classically draped. The *pose* is easy, graceful, and commanding. The features are extremely life-like. The statue is one of the greatest works of Hogan, and must, if he had executed no other work, stamp him at once as a most accomplished artist. When the statue was unveiled there burst from the countless mass enthusiastic cheers. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs from the windows and balconies. The several bands played "Should old acquaintance be forgot." The scene altogether was impressive and moving in the highest degree. On the platform every head was uncovered, and the cheers and waving of hats indicated the utmost enthusiasm.

The Home of the Poet Percival.—The quaint-looking house occupied by the late Jas. G. Percival, at New Haven, Ct., was sold at auction lately for one thousand seven hundred dollars to satisfy a mortgage. The poet was State Geologist of Wisconsin at the time of his death, in May, 1856, but died without property except his poems, house and library, all of which were mortgaged. The house, like its owner and occupant, was among the curiosities of New Haven. Both were nearly inaccessible to the public. The dingy brown stone tenement, located in the suburbs of the city, was built in a manner to secure the most effectual retreat from that society which he so studiously shunned. Neither window nor door is visible to the passer-by, and the only entrance is at the rear, which is approached by a path winding from the road. Two small windows, well protected by heavy shutters, are inserted in the gable ends. In this retreat the poet lived alone with his library, seldom permitting an intrusion upon his seclusion. The library, which contains some ten thousand volumes, will probably be purchased by the State of Wisconsin, which has expressed a desire to obtain it. It is now stored in the hospital at New Haven, in one room of which Percival passed several years of his lonely life. He was never married.

Four hundred rounds of ammunition per man is to be allowed for the troops going out to India and China; and the greater part of this was shipped in the Victoria and Sydney transports.

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LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

ST. FECHIN AND THE ISLANDERS OF IRNAY.

Although the power and the spirit of paganism were completely broken and subdued in Ireland even during the life-time of our great Apostle, yet there were nooks and secluded places, especially amongst the smaller islands round the coast, where the ancient superstition still kept its ground, overshadowing the land with its impenetrable darkness, all the more visible from its contrast with the surrounding light. Of this number was Irnay, a small island contiguous to the coast of Galway. Here the shades of paganism seemed to have settled down, "darkness overshadowed the land, and gross darkness the people," and notwithstanding the repeated attempts of zealous missionaries, the children of Irnay were still sunk in the darkness of idolatry when the island of Ireland had been for fully two centuries illumined from one extremity to the other with the full radiance of Christianity.

Now there was in every part of Ireland at that time numberless servants of God whose names have since been given to the veneration of the faithful. Conspicuous amongst these was St. Fechin, who, like all the great Irish Saints, was the founder of several monasteries. It was about the middle of the seventh century, and this holy man was enjoying an interval of rest, when being asleep one night in his monastery of Ballysadare, in the county of Sligo, he was favored with an embassy from the Most High. One of the princes of the heavenly court appeared before him, and told him that it was the will of God that he should go immediately to Irnay, an island off the western coast of Connaught, there to preach the faith of Christ. Fechin bowed submission to the divine decree, and on the morrow selected from the inmates of his house a few of the most fervent, together with some who were strong and active, and able to work.

On reaching the scene of his labors, Fechin found the islanders not only averse to listen to his preaching, but fully resolved to drive him and his from the island.

But Fechin, sent there by Almighty God, was not to be frustrated in his charitable purpose by the ignorant prejudices or blind resistance of the natives. Their opposition was from hell, his commission direct from heaven, and carry it out he would and should, though the powers of hell were raised against him. So to work he went in order to build a church, having procured the materials from the mainland.

This exasperated the islanders to such a degree that they went by night and threw all the tools and building materials they could find into the sea, believing that this would put an effectual stop to the work. Great was their surprise when, on the following morning, they saw the Christians quietly resuming their work as though nothing had happened to prevent them.

"Why, where did you get your tools, and all the timber and stones?" some of the pagans could not help asking.

"Where but on the shore below," was the tranquil reply, as the pious workmen crossed themselves devoutly and resumed their willing toil.

The pagans were amazed, but still they would not give in. Several times in succession they destroyed what they could of the new church, but every time with the same success. What they pulled down by night, they found restored in the morning, and let them go ever so early to the spot they found the good monks and their assistants working away hard and fast, Fechin himself taking his turn like the rest. It would be, doubtless, as strange a sight to some of the Christians of our days as it was to the obstinate pagans of Irnay to see the good Abbot —even then illustrious amongst the saints of his nation—working with spade, pick-axe or shovel till the sweat trickled from his aged brow, or by way of taking his rest, seated on a pile of boards or stones expounding some passage of Sacred Scripture to his attentive disciples, who worked with renewed courage and activity as they listened to the words of heavenly wisdom which fell from his revered lips. Then, at the close of day, the brethren would carefully put away their tools and after taking their poor and scanty meal, seated on the cold earth, they would chant the evening service of the Church, cheered and encouraged by the sight of the glittering stars which one by one illumined the darkening heaven, reminding the devout watches of the matchless grandeur of their lord Master, and his provident care over His creatures, in making those wondrous luminaries to light the world during the hours of darkness.

Meanwhile, the pagans seeing that the Church was going up rapidly, and that all their previous attempts had failed in frightening the Christians from the island, began to devise new modes of persecution. Thinking that the most effectual way would be to starve them out, they watched where they kept their slender store of provisions and carried them all away. This was a severe trial, but Fechin and his companions were by no means discouraged. The fainter they felt the harder they worked, and the more fervently they prayed, knowing well that God who had sent them there to do His holy will would send them relief in His own good time.

The islanders had latterly destroyed their little boat, so that they could not go to seek provisions on the mainland, and they were thus left without any human resource. For a day or two they continued to work on, but at length their strength utterly failed, and they could work no more. Sitting down on the bare ground, these holy men reclined their bodies against the walls of their beloved Church, uplifting their voices, as long as they were able, in humble trusting prayer. And then did St. Fechin shed tears over the sufferings of his disciples, and, forgetting his own weakness, he endeavored to kneel and with his hands raised to heaven like another Moses, persevered in prayer. Word was soon brought him that one and then another of his companions had sunk beneath the load of their sufferings.

"It is well for them," he replied, "their souls are already in the glory of heaven, but, O Lord our God! wilt thou destroy us all? How shall these pagans be converted if they see that our God permitted them to kill us? For thine own glory, O Lord! send us help from Sion—let us not perish in this place of abomination whither we came to do Thy bidding! Like the blind man of Jericho, I will never cease importuning till Thou hearest my prayer, O God of Hosts!"

The islanders standing around laughed scornfully on hearing the Saint's prayer.

"Your words are but wind, old man!" they said jeeringly, "your God is deaf and cannot hear." But Fechin only prayed the louder, and his companions, even those who were unable to sit up, raised their feeble hands and falling eyes to heaven.

"They cannot last long now," said one of their persecutors to the others; "I think their Jesus has turned His back on them. See the old man himself is falling!"

"Stop!" cried one at his elbow, "I see a boat making straight for the island. Look you whose eyesight is better than mine—who is in it?"

There was a dead silence till the boat neared the island, and then all at once they scampered off, having discovered that the boat contained several men whom they speedily recognized as the servants of Guaire, King of Connaught.

The holy Abbot was still on his knees when the party from the mainland reached the Church, bearing provisions of various kinds, and amongst the rest a quantity of wine, some of which they poured into the mouths of the poor monks, some of whom were already nigh dead. Refreshed and strengthened by the generous draught, they sat up and began to bless the Lord. Fechin himself coming forward asked who had sent such timely aid.

"We come from Guaire," replied the chief of the party; he was admonished in his sleep last night to send provisions to you here. He bids us say that for the future he will take care of you, and send you everything you want. If the pagans do you any more harm, he will send his soldiers to punish them. The words of the king are these, and we are to make them known to the islanders—"Pray for us men of God! and for Guaire the generous, our good lord and master."

They then advanced, made a circuit of the little island, proclaiming as they went that the Christains were thenceforward under the protection of the King of Connaught, and that any attempt to injure them would be severely punished by him.

After this St. Fechin and his companions were allowed to finish their church in peace, and also a dwelling for themselves, which was afterwards known as the Abbey of Tomaith, or Irnay. The Saint failed not to lay hold of these signal favors conferred on him and his to convince the obdurate islanders of the truth of the religion they preached. He first made them fear the power of the God he served, and their entire conversion soon followed.

—In our next, The Castle of Trim—Roderick O'Connor, the last King of Ireland; Geoffrey de Geneville in the Black Friary of Trim.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

His Excellency President Buchanan has written an elaborate and able reply to a letter addressed to him by some forty New Englanders, comprising professors, clergymen, and others, wherein they charge him with violating both his oath of office and the constitution of the United States, in sending an army to Kansas with the view, as they assert, of "levying war against a portion of the United States." We regret we cannot give the whole of this interesting document, but from the portion which we append it will be readily seen the President is fully competent to discharge the trust reposed in him without the advice or co-operation of his would-be New England advisers. His reply is indeed a masterly production and must have startled the "forty" not a little after perusing it. Those New Englanders are a perverse set—never at rest. When not engaged in the—to them—congenial labors of a Hartford Convention, or inveighing against foreigners, they employ their time in striving to drag down the entire framework of the constitution.

Washington City, August 15, 1857.

Gentlemen:—On my recent return to this city after a fortnight's absence, your memorial, without date, was placed in my hands, through the agency of Mr. Horatio King of the Post Office Department, to whom it had been entrusted. From the distinguished source whence it proceeds, as well as its peculiar character, I have deemed it proper to depart from my general rule in such cases, and to give it an answer.

You first assert that the "fundamental principle of the constitution of the United States and of our political institutions is, that the *people shall make their own laws and elect their own rulers.*" You then express your grief and astonishment that I should have violated this principle, and through Governor Walker have employed an army "one purpose of which is *to force the people of Kansas to obey laws not their own, nor of the United States*, but laws which it is notorious, and established upon evidence, they never made, and rulers they never elected." And as a corollary from the foregoing, you re-represent that I am "openly held up and proclaimed, to the great derogation of our national character, as violating in its most essential particular the solemn *oath* which the President has taken *to support the constitution of this Union.*

These are heavy charges proceeding from gentlemen of your high character, and if well-founded, ought to consign my name to infamy. But in proportion to their gravity common justice, to say nothing of Christian charity, required that before making them you should have clearly ascertained that they were well founded. If not, they will rebound, with withering condemnation, upon their authors. * * *

When I entered upon the duties of the Presidential office, on the 4th of March last, what was the condition of Kansas? This territory had been organized under the act of Congress of 30th May, 1854, and the government in all its branches was in full operation. A Governor, Secretary of the Treasury, Chief Justice, two Associate Justices, a Marshal and District Attorney, had been appointed by my predecessor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and were all engaged in discharging their respective duties. A code of laws had been enacted by the Territorial Legislature, and the judiciary were employed in expounding and carrying these laws into effect. It is quite true that a controversy had previously arisen respecting the validity of the election of members of the Territorial Legislature and of the laws passed by them; but at the time I entered upon my official dudies Congress had recognized this Legislature in different forms and by different enactments. The delegate elected to the House of Representatives, under a Territorial law, had just completed his term of service on the day previous to my inauguration. In fact, I found the government of Kansas as well established as that of any other Territory. Under these circumstances, what was my duty? Was it not to sustain the government?—to protect it from the violence of lawless men, who were determined either to rule or ruin?—to prevent it from being overturned by force?—in the language of the constitution, to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed?" It was for this purpose, and this alone, that I ordered a military force to Kansas, to act as a *posse comitatus* in aiding the civil magistrate to carry the laws into execution. * * * *

I most cheerfully admit that the necessity for sending a military force to Kansas to aid in the execution of the civil law reflects no credit upon the character of our country. But let the blame fall upon the heads of the guilty. Whence did this necessity arise? A portion of the people of Kansas, unwilling to trust to the ballot-box—the certain American remedy for the redress of all grievances—undertook to create an independent government for themselves. Had this attempt proved successful, it would of course have subverted the existing government prescribed and recognized by Congress, and substituted a revolutionary government in its stead. This was a usurpation of the same character as it would be for a portion of the people of Connecticut to undertake to establish a separate government within its chartered limits, for the purpose of redressing any grievance, real or imaginary, of which they might have complained against the legitimate State government. Such a principle, if carried into execution, would destroy all lawful authority, and produce universal anarchy.

I ought to specify more particularly a condition of affairs which I have embraced only in general terms, requiring the presence of a military force in Kansas. The Congress of the United States had most wisely declared it to be "the true intent and meaning of this act (the act organizing the Territory) not to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the constitution of the United States." As a natural consequence, Congress has also prescribed by the same act that when the Territory of Kansas shall be admitted as a State it "shall be received into the Union with or without slavery, as their constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission."

In the opinion of the Territorial Legislature of Kansas the time had arrived for entering the Union, and they accordingly passed a law to elect delegates for the purpose of framing a State constitution. This law was fair and just in its provisions. It conferred the right of suffrage on every *bona fide* inhabitant of the Territory; and for the purpose of preventing fraud and the intrusion of citizens of near or distant States, most properly confined this right to those who had resided therein three months previous to the election. Here a fair opportunity was presented for all the qualified resident citizens of the Territory, to whatever organization they might have previously belonged, to participate in the election, and to express their opinions at the ballot box on the question of slavery. But numbers of lawless men still continue to resist the regular Territorial government. They refused either to be registered or to vote, and the members of the Convention were elected, legally and properly, without their intervention. The convention will soon assemble to perform the solemn duty of framing a constitution for themselves and their posterity; and in the state of incipient rebellion which still exists in Kansas, it is my imperative duty to employ the troops of the United States, should this become necessary, in defending the convention against violence whilst framing the constitution, and in protecting the "*bona fide* inhabitants," qualified to vote under the provisions of this instrument, in the free exercise of the right of suffrage when it shall be submitted to them for their approbation or rejection.

I have entire confidence in Governor Walker, that the troops will not be employed, except to resist actual aggression or in the execution of the laws; and this not until the power of the civil magistrate shall prove unavailing. Following the wise example of Mr. Madison towards the Hartford Convention, illegal and dangerous combinations such as that of the Topeka Convention will not be disturbed unless they shall attempt to perform some act which will bring them into actual collision with the constitution and the laws. In that event they shall be resisted and put down by the whole power of the government. In performing this duty I shall have the approbation of my own conscience, and, as I humbly trust, of my God.

I thank you for the assurance that you will "not refrain from the prayer that Almighty God will make my administration an example of justice and beneficence." You can greatly assist me in arriving at this blessed consummation, by exerting your influence in allaying the existing sectional excitement on the subject of slavery which has been productive of much evil and no good, and which if it could succeed in attaining its object would ruin the slave as well as his master. This would be a work of genuine philanthropy. Every day of my life I feel how inadequate I am to perform the duties of my high station without the continued support of Divine Providence; yet placing my trust in Him, and in Him alone, I entertain a good hope that he will enable me to do equal justice to all portions of the Union, and thus render me an humble instrument in restoring peace and harmony among the people of the several States.

Yours, very respectfully,

James Buchanan.

General Washington a Marshal of France.—It is not commonly known that General Washington, during the war of the Revolution, received the honorary title of *Mareschal de France.* The history of the American Marshal of France is simply this: "When in 1781, Colonel Laurens went to France as special ambassador, a difficulty arose between him and the French Ministry as to the command of the combined armies of America. Our heroic Laurens said: 'Our chief must command: it is our cause, and the battle is on our soil.' '*C'est impossible,*' exclaimed the Frenchman; 'by the etiquette of the French service the Count de Rochambeau, being an old Lieutenant-General, can only be commanded by *Mareschal de France.*' 'Then,' exclaimed Laurens, 'make our Washington a *Mareschal de France,* and the difficulty is at an end.' It was done."

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

India.—Parliamentary News.—The Divorce Bill.—Important Clause.—Government determined to pass the Bill.—China.—A Foreign Legion for India.—Inauguration of Hogan's Statue of O'Connell, in Limerick —The Ceremony.——Death of Rev. Mr. Anderton.—The Rev. Mr. Meehan in London.

LONDON, 21st August, 1857.

Delhi is not now the only stronghold of the insurgents which is to be atttacked. The natives have taken the two cities of Hissar Firozeh and Hansi, both situated in Bengal. Hissar Firozeh, which is the chief town of the district of the same name, commands the Dyemrat, and is defended by a fortress which is in good condition, and by other works which the English have recently erected. Ihansi is the capital of the principality of Ihansi in the district of Allahabad; it is the residence of one of the native princes tributary to the Honorable, but rather unlucky East India Company. This prince is stated to be a man of some talent, a deadly opponent of the Company, and naturally a warm sympathizer with the present insurrectionary movement. So there are now three places to be taken instead of one, and however sanguine the advocates of English dominion in India may be to the ultimate result of the struggle, they cannot help seeing in the fact a certainty of a considerable prolongation of their difficulties.

The parliamentary record of the week is in general devoid of any great interest. The amendations of the Divorce and Matrimonial Clauses Bill, except some desultory discussion on Indian affairs, were the only important subjects on which the united wisdom of the Commons of England has been directed. The most important change in the measure is the promise that no clergyman in holy orders of the United Church of England and Ireland shall be compelled to solemnize the marriage of any person whose former marriage may have been dissoved on the ground of adultery committed by either of the parties, or shall be liable to any suit, penalty, or censure, for solemnizing or refusing to solemnize such marriage. On Wednesday, the Attorney-General moved a clause providing that a clergyman who conscientiously objected to celebrate the marriage of a divorced person should not have power to withhold the use of his church for the solemnization of such marriage by a clergyman not holding ministerial objections. After some discussion the clause was adopted by a majority of 33. On Thursday, Mr. Butt moved that a provision should be added to the fortieth clause, to the effect that nothing in the act should apply to England or Ireland except specially provided, but upon the putting of the question the amendment was negatived without a division. On the same day in the Lords, Lord Redesdale gave notice that when the bill came up from the Lower House he should move that the amendments made by the Commons be considered that day three months. Subsequently a question from Lord St. Leonards as to what course the Government intended pursuing with regard to the Bill, caused Lord Campbell to express a hope that, however the session might be protracted, it would not be concluded until ample opportunity had been given to their Lordships to properly weigh and consider the amendments made in the House of Commons, and Lord Redesdale declared his opinion that there was not sufficient time to give them due consideration during the present session. His Lordship's remark brought forth from Lord Granville the declaration that Government would not postpone the bill to the next session. So Ministers are determined at all hazards to endow the country with this most extraordinary piece of legislation. It is generally believed that the session will not be terminated before the 26th current, and some think that it may be protracted beyond that period.

There is nothing of interest from China, nor can we expect anything for some time. The diversion of the troops to India will for the present prevent any important action against the worthy citizens of the Central Flowery Kingdom. Another proof of the truth of the old saying, that it is a bad wind that blows nobody good.

There is a report in circulation that Government purposed raising a foreign legion for India, and that Heligoland would once more be used as a recruiting station.

The Rev. Mr. Reynolds, P.P., has written a most spirited letter to the *Morning Post* in answer to the unjustifiable attacks made upon him in articles published in that sheet, and the accusations unsupported by a single scrap of testimony of which he was the object during the sitting of the Mayo Election Committee. The Rev. Gentleman shows the unfounded character of all these assertions, and makes an able defence of the Irish Catholic Clergy. I forbear from giving you a summary of that remarkable epistle as all your exchanges will give it to you in full.

The historical city of Limerick celebrated on Saturday last, a *fete* of a character most sympathetic and at the same time most flattering to every Irish heart which beats with proverbially national gratitude, pride and warmth. I speak of the inauguration of the Statue of Ireland's great Patriot, due to the genius of Ireland's great sculptor, Hogan. The ceremony—intensely national as it was—was highly impressive, and when the bronze image of the illustrious liberator was unveiled to the gaze of the great patriot's grateful countrymen, many a manly heart was full and many a manly eye was moist. The procession was highly imposing and consisted of the Mayor and Corporation, the High Sheriff, the Members for the City and County, the trades and various religious and temperance Societies. Additional interest was given to the day from the fact that the Artist whose chisel had fashioned into the admirable work of art the expression of a people's gratitude was present to partake in the ceremony and enjoy a triumph than which none nobler ever rejoiced an artist's heart. Lord Dunraven was the Inaugurator, and in a speech glowing with the noblest and most patriotic sentiments, handed over the Statue into the custody of the Mayor of the City. Saturday will long be remembered by the patriotic inhabitants of the City of the Violated Treaty. A large number of the Reverend clergymen gave additional eclat to the ceremony by their presence.

The diocese of Liverpool has just experienced a severe loss in the death of the Rev. Mr. Anderton of Singleton, who after long suffering from delicate health expired at the venerable age of sixty-eight years. The Rev. gentleman had fulfilled the duties of his holy mission with exemplary zeal and piety during a period of more than thirty-eight years. The Rev. Mr. Anderton enjoyed the high privilege of universal respect, and his loss is deplored as a pastor, friend and sage director, and as a worthy man and citizen by those of different persuasions.

The Rev. Mr. Meehan of Kilbaha, in the county Clare, is at present in this city for the purpose of soliciting contributions towards the building of a Chapel at the first mentioned place. This zealous ecclesiastic has hitherto been obliged to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the open air. The Rev. gentleman's success promises to be worthy of the object which has inspired him to exertion.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Departure of the Pope from Bologna.—Florence.—The Consistory.—Results of his Holiness' Tour.—Cardinal Governors demanded by Ravenna and other Cities.—Repairing of the Vatican.—The Opening of the New Louvre.—The Fete Napoleon.—Cardinal Morlot appointed Grand Almoner.—The Bishop of Nancy made Commander of the Legion.—Pardons and Commutations.—Medal for the Soldiers of the First Empire'—Departure of the Emperor and Empress.—Queen Victoria in Cherbourg.—Diplomatic Changes.—The Moldavian Elections.—Annual Session of the Institute of France.—Discourse of M. de Montalembeit.

PARIS, 20th August, 1857.

A telegraphic despatch just received announces the departure of his Holiness, the Pope, from San Michel-in-Bosco at six o'clock on the morning of the 17th, on his visit to Tuscany, where a magnificent reception awaits him. His Holiness intends visiting all the cities of the Grand Duchy, with the exception of Leghorn. A private letter which has just reached us from Florence states the all-engrossing topic of conversation is the coming visit of Pius IX. All bustle and preparation. His Holiness was to have passed the night of the 17th on Tuscan territory in a villa belonging to the Marquis Gerini, where nothing has been neglected by the proprietor to render it worthy of the visit of so illustrious a guest. It is there the Grand-Ducal family will go to receive the Holy Father. The following day the Pope will make his entry into Florence, and will take up his abode at the Pitti Palace. Two Chamberlains of the Court, Duke Strozzi and the Count de la Gherardesca have been appointed to attend upon his Holiness. The inhabitants have been invited to illuminate the city in the evening.

The consistory of which I already wrote you, took place on the third of the present month. Nine Cardinals were present. Letters worthy of credit state, that the Pope did not deliver the expected allocution on the ecclesiastical affairs of Spain, Portugal, Wirtemberg and Baden, and assign as a reason for it, the fact, that it would have been difficult to avoid saying something of the recent events in Italy. After my return to Rome which will take place in the beginning of next month, Pope Pius will lay his opinions on those events before the Sacred College, and give an account of the results of his voyage through his dominions. These results have been everywhere most favorable. The inhabitants of Lugo, Ravenna and Canto, cities which it was the custom to represent as having but little affection for the pontifical government, have for ever silenced those calumnies by the significantly enthusiastic reception they gave his Holiness. The report that in various cities, petitions demanding reforms had been presented to the Pope, is without a shadow of foundation.

It is stated that Ravenna, as well as Bologna, Ferrara and Forli, has requested to be again governed by Cardinals. It is more than probable that the request will be granted and that the Cardinal-legates will again be replaced.

The work of repairing portions of the Vatican goes on with great energy. All is to be finished before the arrival of the Pope, who will immediately take up his residence there, notwithstanding the popular prejudice against the salubrity of the Vatican in the autumn season.

The opening of the new Louvre took place on the 14th in presence of the Emperor, when rewards were distributed to several of the artists and workmen employed in the completion of the building. The incessant rain rather dulled the celebration of the fete of the Assumption, but the various delights promised to the people were scrupulously furnished them. The ceremonies in the Churches were numerously attended. *Te Deums* were sung in all of them, and his Eminence Cardinal Morlot officiated pontifically in the Church of Notre Dame during the day.

Apropos of the Cardinal, the question of the re-establishment of the Grand Almonery has been decided by the appointment of His Eminence to the post of Grand Almoner to his Majesty the Emperor. Monsigneur Menjaud, Bishop of Nancy, has been appointed First Almoner and has, moreover, by an imperial decree, dated 15th, been promoted to the grade of Commander of the Legion of Honor.

In commemoration of the fete of the 15th, the Emperor has granted pardons or commutations of punishment, to 932 prisoners in the bagnes and other penitentiary establishments.

The Government has caused a bronze medal bearing the effigy of Napoleon I. to be struck for all the French or foreign soldiers who served under the French standard during the period from 1792 to 1815. It bears on the reverse the following legend: "*To his companions in glory, his last thought*, 5th May, 1821."

The Emperor and Empress and the Prince Imperial left Saint Cloud in the afernoon of the 17th for Biarritz. A letter from Cherbourg announces that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, during a short yacht excursion, had landed for a moment on the beach at that place. Preparations were being made at Havre in case the Royal Couple should visit that port. This is certainly a great age when Sovereigns "walk into" each other's dominions without even saying "How do you do?"

Several changes in the diplomatic corps have been announced by the *Moniteur*, M. le Comte de Rayneval, ambassador of France to the Holy See is to be transferred to the Court of St. Petersburg, and is to be succeeded at Rome by the Duke de Gramont, who lately exercised the functions of Minister Plenipotentiary at the Sardinian Court.

I announced in my last the solution of the difficulty respecting the question of the Moldavian Elections and the retreat of the English Government from the very bold position taken by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe at Constantinople. I have only now to announce that the Viennese Cabinet, abandoned by its former ally and making a virtue of necessity, has accepted the result of the conferences at Osborne. It is thought that Lord de Redcliffe will profit by a *conge* to return to London. After his defeat it would not be pleasant for him to remain on the same ground with his triumphant adversary, M. de Thouvenel. M. de Prokesch, the Austrian Minister, having only filled a secondary part, can still stay in Constantinople without any great compromise of dignity, but with the English Ambassador the case is different.

The public Annual Session of the Five Academies composing the Institute of France took place the day before yesterday under the presidency of M. de Montalembert. The learned president's discourse was a model of eloquent inspiration. The Orator was terribly severe on that exclusive thirst of gold which has taken possession of the greater portion of society, on the general abasement of character, on the supineness of our youth, and described in burning words that decadence satisfied with and proud of itself. M. de Montalembert deplored the moral inertia of our youth, "fatigued without having combatted, discouraged by perils they have not passed through, thirsting for repose they have not merited and resigned to the false joys of an ephemeral security." He wished them passions—were they even passions it would be necessary to overcome; it is from death alone there is no return. The eloquent orator appealed to the young and old to leave this low and servile condition of souls, and not to be the accomplices of the moral and intellectual numbness of the times and in conclusion he bid them to listen to the sublime cry of religion: *Sursum Corda!*

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

We have four days later intelligence from Europe by the steamship *Arago*, which arrived at this port on Monday last. In the absence of any later news from India, political advices are unimportant, but the commercial intelligence is represented as being of rather an interesting nature. The following is a synopsis of the *Arago's* news: The British Parliament was prorogued. James Spollen, who was acquitted on the charge of murdering Mr. Little, has been re-arrested for his robbery, and will be brought to trial on that indictment. There is a panic among the commercial men at the other side of the Atlantic as well as at this side, and several very heavy failures have taken place in Liverpool. The breadstuffs market was also dull when the steamer left, and buyers were insisting on a decline. It is said that the Emperor of the French has issued orders to French ships of war to render every necessary aid in their power to English ships proceeding to India with troops. What the exact nature of this "necessary aid" is, we are unable to say, nor do we find it exactly stated in any of our foreign exchanges. We suspect, however, they are of a very trifling nature, John Bull being evidently anxious just now to swell the smallest show of civility on the part of Napoleon towards England into the most immense proportions.

The Shah of Persia is availing himself of England's difficulties, and has issued orders to augment the army. He has not the least idea to evacuating Herat, or of fulfilling any of the conditions of the treaty, extorted from him in his hour of weakness. Next to those native princes whom England has despoiled for a century, there is not another sovereign in Asia who would profit more largely by the English being driven out of India than this Shah. The cholera is on the decline at St. Petersburg, and between the Cabinets of Turin and Naples, differences are said to exist which, to quote the words of the European papers, "look decidedly unfavorable." When the *Arago* left, the most intense excitement pervaded all classes in England regarding the next news from India. A deep grounded apprehension has taken possession of the public mind, (strongly augmented by the spread of the revolution, and the reported demise of Barnard,) that India was about to pass from the clutch of Queen Victoria and the East India Company, and the utter ruin and prostration to trade as well as individuals, which such an event would be certain to engender, filled the minds of all classes with an alarm almost bordering on despair.

We are sorry to find that Prof. Silliman, the distinguished geologist, has been, by evil companions no donbt, induced to step beyond his proper sphere, and draw on himself the merited rebuke of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic. Nothing could more clearly illustrate the force of the maxim, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

In our advertising columns will be found the noticc of a sermon to be preached to-morrow in the Cathedral, Marlborough street, by the venerable and learned Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg, U. S. The subject is "The Position of the Church in the United States," a subject on which the Right Rev. preacher can speak with the best information, and to which he will doubtless do full justice. The Catholics of Dublin will rejoice to have this opportunity of hearing one of the distinguished members of the American Hierarchy.—*Dublin Tablet.*

We shall publish the above Sermon in our next.—ED. N. Y. TABLET.

THE "CITY OF MOBILE" AND HER PASSENGERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

DEAR SIR:—I enclose a copy of a letter on the above subject which I have addressed to the daily press of this city, and an extract from a Prospectus which I purpose to have published. You will observe that I am about to follow your suggestion that I "should in future superintend the voyage of all parties of girls entrusted to my care" (unless accompanied by their brothers). The known solicitude of Messrs. Guion & Co., for the comfort of my passengers, and the facts that the Captain of the *City of Mobile* was a married man, his wife being on board, and one of the officers being his son, led me to be over confident. Yours respectully,

VERE FOSTER.

SAVERY'S HOTEL, Beekman street,
September 4, 1857.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

SIR:—Having arrived this week in the Atlantic mail-steamer from Europe, I have just read, with feelings of deep disappointment, and grief, and shame, the numerous notices in the *Tribune* and other papers, respecting the sad condition to which some of my passengers in the *City of Mobile* have been reduced. It is a subject too painful to the relatives of the parties concerned to refer to at length. In justice, however, to themselves and to the public in this country and in Europe who subscribed to the fund which enabled me to send them and others to this country, I think it necessary to remark that Capt. Marshall is, to the best of my belief, mistaken in his *supposition* that "several of Mr. Foster's girls were of bad character before they left Liverpool." Those whose names are now the most notorious had, not only good, but *excellent* characters at the time, only four months ago, that I selected them as candidates for emigration to this country, and their clergy have, within the last three weeks, repeated to me their conviction to this effect, and their unwillingness to co-operate with me any longer, in consequence of the peculiar dangers to which their flock are exposed at sea. Their present unfortunate position is due to the want of discipline on board the ship.

In all well-regulated passenger-ships the sailors are not allowed access to that part of the ship occupied by the passengers, especially female passengers; but, in this instance, the disreputable crew, contrary to the regulations of the ship and the express promises of Capt. Marshall, were allowed access to the between-decks every hour of the day and night throughout the voyage. Several of the officers have told me since that they did sometimes go down with lanterns at night to turn out the sailors, but, as the latter broke their lanterns and threatened to murder them if they interfered, they *ceased to do so!*

After such sad experience I will cease the practice of sending one member only of a family as hitherto, and will send no parties of girls in future unaccompanied by their brothers, unless I shall go in the same ship myself.

Before concluding, I wish to observe, in justice to Messrs. Guion & Co., that I believe they proposed to carry my passengers in the *City of Mobile*, with a special view to their comfort, on account of their confidence in that captain. Their good intentions are shown in their having, contrary to agreement and to my knowledge until the last moment, put the girls in the second cabin, which I had however purposely avoided to engage, because I do not approve of *inclosed* cabins for such a party. It is a pity that, when they went so far as to put 126 there, they did not put the 14 men there also, who accompanied the girls from their own neighborhood for the sake of protection. I have no reason to believe that any of the officers purposely connived at the conduct of the crew, or imitated their bad example; but, if intercourse between their unprincipled crew and the passengers had been confined to the upper deck, I believe that not one such instance as has been recorded would have occurred. Darkness between decks, and unlimited opportunities of access at night, gave the satanic crew peculiar opportunities of carrying out their hellish designs. With hearty thanks to yourself, and to the press of New York, for having so warmly and earnestly interested themselves in this case, I am,

Yours respectfully, VERE FOSTER.

SAVERY'S HOTEL, Beekman street,
September 1, 1857.

[*Extract from the Prospectus of the "Irish Pioneer Emigration Fund."*]

"The candidates shall be carefully selected by Mr. Vere Foster, who will make all necessary arrangements for their embarkation, and accompany them to the ship. All necessary expenses will be provided for them except for clothes.

"In consequence of the usual brutal character of the crews of emigrant ships, and the general absence of any attempt on the part of the officers of such ships (as in the recent outrageous instance of the ship *City of Mobile*) to enforce their own regulations prohibiting the sailors from access at night to that part of the ship set apart for single women, and confining the intercourse between sailors and passengers to the open deck, no parties of girls will be sent by Mr. Foster in future, unless accompanied by their brothers, or himself."

CITY NEWS.

CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—The regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the Catholic Library Association was held on Monday, the 31st ult. Letters were read from his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, Dr. Ives, Richard O'Gorman, and P. O'Shea, Esqs., accepting their election as Honorary Members, and approving of the course of the Association. Mr. Casamajor, from the Lecture Committee, reported in favor of a Course of Free Lectures, which it is understood will commence on the first Monday in October at Hope Chapel. After the election of Thomas Francis Meagher and James A. McMasters, Esqs., as Honorary Members, the meeting adjourned.

ARREST OF BARNUM.—Phineas T. Barnum, the once justly celebrated showman, was arrested just before stepping on board the steamer for Liverpool, on Wednesday week, at the suit of the holder of a "Clock note" bearing his endorsement. It was of course impossible for him to find bail at so short a notice, consequently his departure for Europe had to be put off for the present.

THE CENTRAL PARK.—For the past three or four weeks workmen have been busily employed on that portion of the Central Park between 71st and 86th streets. Stones and materials are being collected for the purpose of building a wall enclosing the grounds. Ditching and draining to a considerable extent has also been effected.

THE CATTLE MARKET.—The cattle market was much better supplied on last week than on the previous one. All kinds of stock were driven in rather abundantly. The consequence of this was a falling off in prices. Cows and Calves were dull, and on Sheep and Lambs there was fully a decline of from $3 to $5.

The delegates appointed by the rival factions into which the Democratic party here are divided, have failed in coming to an agreement. This is no doubt owing to the fact, that several men who arrogate to themselves the leadership of the party in this city, attach more importance to their own peculiar crotchets than to the well being of the masses. If the people intend bringing this matter to an amicable adjustment, they must cast those assumed leaders overboard, and take into their own hands the management of their affairs. Genuine Democracy consists in having power in the hands of the people, instead of vesting it in cliques, cabals, or heads of factions. The people earnestly desire union—they cannot have it without resorting to the alternative we have pointed out.

The German citizens of New York had a good time of it last week. The Seventh Annual celebration of the Social Turnfest came off and was concluded with a ball at the City Assembly Rooms, at which fully two thousand persons were present. The utmost hilarity and good humor prevailed during the entire celebration, and no attempt was made on the part of rowdies or street blackguards to disturb or intimidate them. Mayor Wood was present on Monday and made a speech, in the course of which he expressed himself highly pleased in participating in the social arrangement of so many of his fellow-citizens.

A fast young man, the son of wealthy parents, residing in this city, has been arrested on a charge of stealing several thousand dollars' worth of jewelry from a store in Broadway. His relatives have since, however, compromised the matter with the injured party, and Master Hopeful has been released from "durance vile" and set at large. We incline strongly to the opinion, that he will again attempt to distinguish himself by the perpetration of a similar offence.

The veterans of 1812 will realize $150 by the benefit accorded them at the Otto Cottage, Hoboken, on Tuesday, the 1st inst. Some definite steps should be taken for the relief of those men. Many of them are in a destitute condition, worn down by age and infirmities.

The body of a little girl aged 12 years was found in the water at the foot of 21st street on Wednesday of last week. She had wandered from her home No. 58 Ninth Avenue, on Sunday previous, and was not again seen alive.

An infuriated bull took possession of the Second Avenue on an evening last week, and by his presence alarmed the passers-by afflicted with nervousness, as well as affording amusement to a number of idle urchins.

There were 675 deaths in this city during the past week.

A number of sanctimonious looking individuals, together with some ladies of demure aspects, have been going about the city for the last month soliciting the contributions of the wealthy, for the purpose, as they allege, of erecting Protestant Sunday Schools. Many of them have been quite successful; one schemer alone obtained the sum of one hundred dollars within a week.

Max Maretzek has arrived from Europe with a number of celebrated artists, who are to appear in this and the neighboring cities shortly. Mr. Charles Mathews, the distinguished comedian, is also in town and will shortly appear at the Broadway Theatre.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

DEATH OF THE REV. M. BYRNE, C.C., RATHVILLY.—On Thursday, the 13th ult., in the 45th year of his age and 18th of his Ministry, the Rev. Matthew Byrne, C.C. Of great amicability, unselfish, possessing a high sense of honor and integrity, these natural endowments, combined with the faithful and zealous discharge of the duties of his sacred calling, attached to him many friends, and secured their respect. The public appreciation of the qualities of the man, and of his services as an humble Minister of Christ, was strongly evinced by the large concourse of people who accompanied his remains to their last resting-place, the chapel of his native parish (Mountmellick), where they were deposited on the Feast of the Assumption.

CONSECRATION OF KNOCKBRIDGE CHAPEL.—The formal and solemn dedication to the Lord of this rural but pretty little temple took place, the Lord Primate, Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, officiating. His Grace was met by a very large, and respectable congregation, a considerable section of which had come from Dundalk and the adjacent parishes.

RELIGION IN INDIA.—There are one hundred Catholics to one Protestant in India. Outside the government service there are but few Protestants. There are few Sepoy regiments which do not contain some Catholics; and in many regiments the Catholics bear a large proportion of the entire.

MONTH'S MIND OF THE LATE VERY REV. DR. RENEHAN.—We are authorized to state that the usual solemn office and high mass will be celebrated in the College Chapel, on Wednesday, September 9th.—*Dublin Freeman.*

The Revs. Messrs. Clarke of Navan, and Morgan of Kentstown, were ordained for this diocese, in the chapel of Mullingar, and the Rev. Mr. Rooney, who was a child of this diocese, was ordained for the Missionary College of All Hallows. The Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell officiated, and the Rev. Mr. Fortescue, S.J., assisted on the occasion. The Rev. Mr. Clarke celebrated his first Mass in the town chapel of the Sisters of Mercy.—*Meath People.*

Miss Marcella M'Mahon (in religion Sister Veronica), daughter of Mr. Superintendent M'Mahon, of the E Division of Metropolitan police, was received into the Tranquilla Convent of the Carmelite Sisters, Rathmines, by the Very Rev. Dr. Fogarty, provincial, assisted by the Very Rev. Dr. O'Hanlon, chaplain. The ceremonial was solemn and impressive, and the Very Reverend celebrant delivered an eloquent discourse suitable to the occasion.

The Hon. and Rev. George Spencer arrived in Castlebar, on Saturday, and remains on a visit at Castlebar House, the seat of the Earl of Lucan. The Hon. and Rev. gentleman preached in the chapel of this town on Sunday last, and was engaged on yesterday collecting funds for the erection of a chapel, and the "conversion of Protestant England."—*Mayo Telegraph.*

The new Catholic Church in the town of Tipperary is proceeding rapidly to completion, notwithstanding the loss of about £2,000 by the Tipperary Joint Stock Bank. This Church, so creditable to the zeal and piety of the venerated pastor of Tipperary, the Very Rev. Dr. Howley, and his flock, will be a really splendid edifice.

A new Franciscan Convent has been established at the village of Farrher, co. Roscommon.

The Sisters of Charity acknowledge to have received from William Fitzgibbon, Esq., Mayor of Cork, the generous donation of £25, to assist in promoting the objects of their institution.

The Spanish government are taking steps to fill the vacant Sees in Spain, and the Holy Father has been entreated to give directions for the speedy canonical institution of eight new bishops.

The Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, during the temporary indisposition of the Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, conferred the sacrament of confirmation on 13,000 children and adults in the diocese of Killaloe within the last two months.

Domestic.

DEATH OF THE REV. MARY DE SALES, OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY.—The Rev. Mother Mary de Sales, the Second Superior of the Order of Mercy, died on Wednesday last, and was buried this morning in a vault under St. Mary's Cathedral. A Pontifical Requiem and High Mass was celebrated over her remains, and was attended by a great number of persons, who thronged the Cathedral, and added with their presence to the solemn and impressing scene. The lay name of Mother de Sales was Joanna Redden. She was born in Ireland, about the beginning of the century, and was a cousin of the celebrated Daniel O'Connell. She possessed a large fortune, which she dedicated to religion, and was the founder and protectress of the Magdalen Asylum of Limerick, Ireland, over which she presided for thirty years. Her residence in California has been only a few years. She went, in company with the Lady Superior, Mary Russell, to Sacramento, for the purpose of founding a branch of their order in that place. On her return she was attacked by a severe cold, which assumed the nature of congestive fever, and terminated fatally, on Wednesday, as before stated. A great deal of respect has been shown by the Catholic Church to the memory of the deceased, and she is spoken of as having possessed a piousself-sacrificing disposition, and a charitable and benevolent soul. She was one of the administrators of her order in the care of the County Hospital on Stockton street, and as such, won the respect of the staff of physicians and surgeons, who have published an obituary in token of respect.—*California paper.*

BLESSING OF THE CORNER STONE OF A NEW CHURCH.—The corner stone of the church of Our Lady Mount Carmel, at Mechanicstown, five miles from Mount St. Mary's College, was blessed according to the ritual of the Church on Sunday, the 30th of August. The Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, President of Mount St. Mary's College, officiated on the occasion, assisted by the Vice-President and other Rev. Professors of the College. A concourse of at least a thousand persons assembled from all the neighboring villages, and from the farm houses and dwellings that dot the mountain's side, or lie scattered in the valleys that wind among its hills, witnessed with marked attention and respect the imposing ceremonies, the ecclesiastical procession, the lighted tapers and the sacred symbol of redemption borne publicly before the Priests and Levites to the spot marked for the future offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the New Law. After the blessing of the corner stone, Dr. McCaffrey addressed the assembly, the largest ever known in Mechanicstown, for over an hour and a half, on the subject of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, proving its divine origin, and its existence in the Christian Church from the beginning. The respectful attention paid by all to his eloquent argument, and the kindly feelings manifested by hundreds of Protestants, speak well for the audience and the neighborhood.—*Abridged from the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

CLARKSVILLE.—Twenty-six persons were confirmed on Sunday, 30th ult., in the Church of St. Louis, Clarksville. The Most Reverend Archbishop preached on the virtues of St. Rose of Lima, whose festival was celebrated. This congregation is visited once a month by the Rev. Augustin Vero, who resides at Ellicott's Mills.—*Ibid.*

PROTESTANT ADDRESS TO A PRIEST.—The Protestant inhabitants of Renfrew lately presented the Rev. M. J. Byrne of that place, on his removal to St. Joseph's College, Ottawa city, with a most gratifying address. The committee consisted of Messrs. George Ross, P.M., John Rankin, J.P., James Morris, Jr., Registrar, William Richard, Robert McNab, and John Smith. The Rev. Mr. Byrne in reply, after cordially acknowledging the compliment paid him, said: "We have amongst us the materials with which to build up a great nation; we have the mildness and politeness of the French Canadian—we have the bravery and generosity of the Irish—we have the persevering industry and economy of the Scotch—let us only have the wisdom to cement these elements together, and we shall in a very few years have the happiness of seeing Canada one of the most flourishing and powerful nations on the face of the earth."

ORDINATION.—A very interesting and gratifying spectacle presented itself at St. Michael's Cathedral. Three young men, Messrs. Rooney, Northgraves, and Bardeau, received the sacred order of Priesthood, whilst that of Deaconship was conferred on Rev. Mr. Sibrat, of St. Michael's College. The ceremony was witnessed by an immense number of the Catholics of the city, as well as a goodly number of Protestants. His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton officiated pontifically, assisted by the Very Reverend Mr. Bruyere, V.G., and the Rev. Mr. Michel. After the Gospel His Lordship delivered an excellent address on the dignity of the priesthood, and concluded by invoking the Divine Blessing on the young Clergymen, that they might bring forth much fruit, and that their fruit might remain.—*Toronto Catholic Citizen.*

DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS.—Madame Noles died of consumption on the 25th ult., at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Eden Hall.

EVERETT ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.—Edward Everett thus describes a view of Mount Washington in New Hampshire: "I have been something of a traveller in our own country—though far less than I could wish; and in Europe have seen all that is attractive, from the Highlands of Scotland to the Golden Horn of Constantinople—from the summit of the Hartz mountains to the Fountain of Vaucluse—but my eye has yet to rest on a lovelier scene than that which is discovered from Mount Washington, when on some clear, summer's morning, at sunrise, the cloud curtain is drawn up from nature's grand procenium and all that chaos of wildness and beauty starts into life—the bare, gigantic tops of the surrounding heights—the precipitous gorge, a thousand fathoms deep, which foot of man or ray of light never entered—the sombre matted forest—the moss-clad rocky wall, weeping with crystal springs—winding streams and gleaming lakes and peaceful villages below—and in the dim misty distance, beyond the lower hills faint glimpses of the sacred bosom of the eternal deep, ever heaving up with the consciousness of its own immensity—all mingled in one indescribable panorama by the hand of the Divine Artist."

EDUCATION.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

PROSPECTUS.

SITUATED 8 miles distant from the City of New York, in an elevated position on the east bank of the Hudson River, the Academy commands a most delightful view of the magnificent scenery for which that noble stream is so justly celebrated; whilst, at the same time, the location is one of the most healthy in the Union. The large and commodious edifice occupied by the Institution, having lately undergone some important improvements and additions to the original structure, cannot fail to ensure the comfort and convenience of the Pupils.

The age for admission into this Institution is from 6 to 12 years. Children under 6, or over 12, are not admitted.

Terms:

Entrance Fee.....$ 10 00
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum..180 00
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents.
Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

The following are extra, viz.: Instrumental Music $60 per annum. Spanish and German Languages, each $24.

Observations.

The Scholastic year is 11 months, commencing on the 1st of September, and terminating on the 1st of August. No Pupils kept in the Institution during the annual vacation, which is from the end of July till the 1st of September.

The Pupils will have holidays to go and visit their parents and guardians, at the following times: Christmas, Easter and the 4th of July, 4 days each.

Parents can visit their children on Thursdays, from 10 to 12 o'clock, A.M., and on Sundays, between the High Mass and Vespers.

In case of serious sickness, Pupils will be confided to the care of their parents or guardians.

Outfit.

Each Pupil is required to have the following articles, viz.: 1 suit of Uniform, which is a Blue Cloth Jacket, with bright buttons, black pants and blue cap; 2 suits of Clothes for every day wear; 3 Surtouts of light stuff as linen or muslin; 8 Shirts, 8 pairs of Socks or Stockings, 3 pairs of Drawers, 3 Night Shirts, 6 Napkins of large size, 8 Towels, 3 Handkerchiefs, 3 Cravats, 2 Caps, 3 pairs of Sheets, 2 Blankets, 1 Quilt, 2 white Coverlits and 2 pairs of Boots and Shoes. A Knife, Fork, Spoon, and Goblet of silver or composition; 2 Combs, coarse and fine, a Comb-rack, Hair Brush, Tooth Brush, Clothes Brush and Shoe Brush; a small Tin box for the Toilet articles.

Communications by Letter to be made to the Brother Superior. ag8 1y

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance.....$100 00
Washing..... 12 00
For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above..... 50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter..... 12 00
Guitar " " 12 00
Painting and Drawing..... 6 00
No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag8 3m

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance*.

Classical Course per session of ten months.....$1 75
Commercial " " 1 50
Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
jn6 3m *President.*

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 105th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year will commence on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board, Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, $100.

Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Spanish and German languages form extra charges. ag15 2m

SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE,

FORDHAM, WESTCHESTER Co., N. Y.

Studies will be resumed in this Institution on the 2d of September.
ag15 6t R. J. TELLIER, S.J., President.

EDUCATION.

CONVENT

OF THE

SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE-DAME,

Established at Montreal,

FOR FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE course of Instruction embraces the French and English languages, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geography, and the use of the Globes; Ancient and Modern History, Rhetoric, an insight of Chemistry and Philosophy, Botany, Geology, Conchology, Music, Vocal and Instrumental; Drawing, Painting; every kind of useful and ornamental Needle-Work.

Pupils cannot be admitted without a recommendation. Parents residing at a distance, should appoint some individual in the city, who will be charged to liquidate the amount of the bills, when due, and receive the young ladies should circumstances render their removal from the institution necessary.

The Pupils have access to the garden adjoining the establishment, and are allowed on days of recreation to extend their walk to *Villa-Maria*, a country seat, most pleasantly located, on the bank of the St. Lawrence, and, occasionally to the *Nun's Island*, always attended by several of *the Sisters*.

A vacation of about six weeks is annually given, commencing on *the Thursday* of the *third week of July*, and terminating the *first Thursday of September*.

Each pupil must be furnished on her entrance with:

For Summer Costume.—Two Light Blue Dresses, one White Dress. Three Black Aprons, Six Collars. A Straw Bonnet, trimmed with light blue riband. Two pairs of Gloves, one white, the other colored; a Common Veil.

Winter Costume.—Two Dark Blue Dresses. A Dark Blue Cloak, a Bonnet, trimmed with black. Two Black Veils.

Every pupil must be furnished, at least, with six changes of Linen, Stockings, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Towels, Night Gowns, one or two Colored Dresses. A Sun Bonnet, Parasol, India Rubbers, three pairs Shoes, Books, (and if to learn Drawing,) Paper and Drawing Materials.

Parents wishing their children to be furnished with clothes, or articles requisite for Drawing or Fancy Work, may deposit funds for the purpose in the hands of the Directress, who will supply them in accordance with the wishes expressed.

SCHOLASTIC YEAR.

Terms:

Board and Tuition, per annum, (payable quarterly in advance).....	£18 10 0—$74 00
Entrance, Pen and Ink.....	0 12 6— 2 50
Music, Piano.....	3 10 0— 14 00
" Guitar.....	5 5 6— 21 00
" Harp.....	9 12 6— 38 50
Drawing.....	2 15 6— 11 00
Painting in Water Colors, and on Velvet.....	3 0 0— 12 00
Foreign Languages—Charge of the Teachers.	
Washing.....	3 10 0— 14 06
Bed and Bedding.....	3 15 0— 15 00
Music Lessons from Professor.....	10 10 0— 42 00

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, MARIA-VILLA, FORMERLY MONKLANDS.

This is a branch of the House in the city; it is pleasantly situated, about two miles from town, on the side of the mountain, commanding a fine view of the St. Lawrence. It has a park and grounds of 200 acres. It was formerly the residence of the Governors-General of Canada, and is generally admitted to be one of the most beautiful situations in America.

Terms:

The charges in the Institution are from $30 to $40 more than in the House in town.

Persons desirous of placing pupils in either of these Institutions can address the Superior of the Congregation of Our Lady, Montreal. aug1 6t

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is..... $150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin..... 135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra..... 15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum..... 20
Music, per annum..... 40
Use of Piano, per annum..... 8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

BY P. SMITH,

At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Steamboat leaves Newark every hour up to 6 o'clock, P.M.

Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation. (Signed,) J. HOGAN,
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